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New York

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Strategic Alternative:

Should We Ditch Israel?

CHARLES BENSON

FALL BOOKS: JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ON LINDBERGH ♦ GUY DAVENPORT ON HEMINGWAY, NABOKOV, SPARK ♦ ALSO GARRY WILLS, TIBOR SZAMUELY, G. F. ELIOT & MUCH, MUCH MORE

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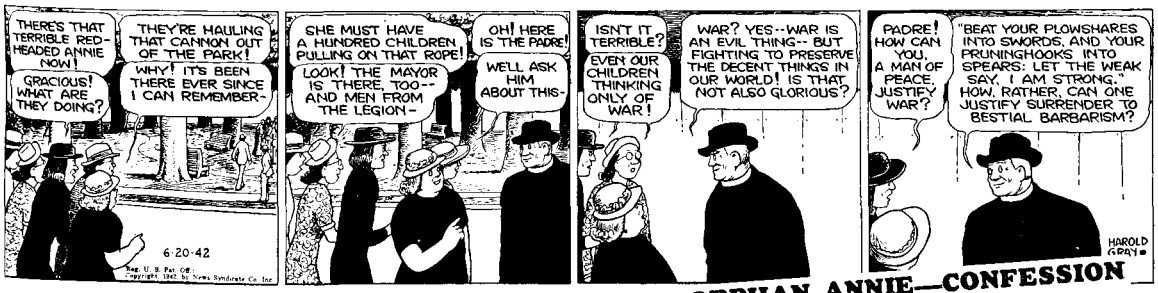
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1942

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—JOEL III, 10


THERE'S THAT TERRIBLE RED-HEADED ANNIE NOW!
GRACIOUS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
THEY'RE HAULING THAT CANNON OUT OF THE PARK!
WHY! IT'S BEEN THERE EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER-
6-20-42
SHE MUST HAVE A HUNDRED CHILDREN PULLING ON THAT ROPE!
LOOK! THE MAYOR IS THERE, TOO-- AND MEN FROM THE LEGION-
OH! HERE IS THE PADRE!
WE'LL ASK HIM ABOUT THIS-
ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?
EVEN OUR CHILDREN THINKING ONLY OF WAR!
WAR? YES--WAR IS AN EVIL THING-- BUT FIGHTING TO PRESERVE THE DECENT THINGS IN OUR WORLD! IS THAT NOT ALSO GLORIOUS?
PADRE! HOW CAN YOU, A MAN OF PEACE, JUSTIFY WAR?
"BEAT YOUR PLOWSHARES INTO SWORDS, AND YOUR PRUNINGHOOKS INTO SPEARS: LET THE WEAK SAY, I AM STRONG." HOW, RATHER, CAN ONE JUSTIFY SURRENDER TO BESTIAL BARBARISM?
HAROLD GRAY

ORPHAN ANNIE—CONFESSION

Tues., Sept. 11, 1945

WHAT YOU PAY ME, FOR TUTORING ANNIE, WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE NOW FOR US TO LIVE WITHOUT WORRY, WHILE I'M WRITING MY BOOK!
9-11-45
BUT I-- I WASN'T REALLY QUITE HONEST, WHEN I SAID I HAD RESIGNED FROM THE FACULTY AT THE COLLEGE-- I-- I WAS FIRED!
THAT SO? WERE YOU TOO ADVANCED IN YOUR THINKING TO SUIT THEM?
ON THE CONTRARY-- I-- I GUESS I WAS TOO OLD-FASHIONED-- I BELIEVED, AND STILL BELIEVE, IN WHAT PEOPLE USED TO BE PROUD TO CALL OLD FASHIONED AMERICANISM!
HM-M-M! Y'KNOW, DOC, I LIKE YOU BETTER EVERY DAY!
HAROLD GRAY

Fri. Aug. 31, 1945

ORPHAN ANNIE—HIS CREED

GEE! THEY SAID SOME AWFUL NASTY THINGS 'BOUT YOU, DADDY, WHEN THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD--
HA-HA! YES-- I GOT QUITE A KICK READING MY OBITUARIES!
8-31-45
BUT WHY DID SOME PAPERS AND COM TATORS SAY SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS?
OH, I GUESS IT WAS FASHIONABLE TO SNEER AT "BIG INCOMES"-- THEY FAIL TO MENTION THAT MOST OF THOSE BIG INCOMES GO TO PAY EVERYBODY'S BILLS, AND MAKE THE LOAD LIGHTER FOR EVERYONE ELSE!
I BELIEVE THAT THE MORE A MAN MAKES HONESTLY, THE MORE HE HELPS THIS COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY IN IT-- WHAT I THINK WE NEED IS A LOT MORE MILLION-A-YEAR MEN! MIGHTY LITTLE THEY CAN KEEP, ANYWAY--
HAROLD GRAY

- Giant one-volume bonanza contains over 2,100 episodes from early 1935 through the end of 1945.
- Over 700 oversize pages 10½ inches square, over two inches thick.
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- Join Annie as she tangles with the Communists . . . single-handedly takes on a Nazi submarine . . . sets a new record selling War Bonds. Thrill as Daddy Warbucks destroys corrupt labor leaders and politicians. Re-live those spine-chilling moments when the two escape death again and again — with nick-of-time help from Punjab and the Asp.
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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 45 NOVEMBER 17, 1970

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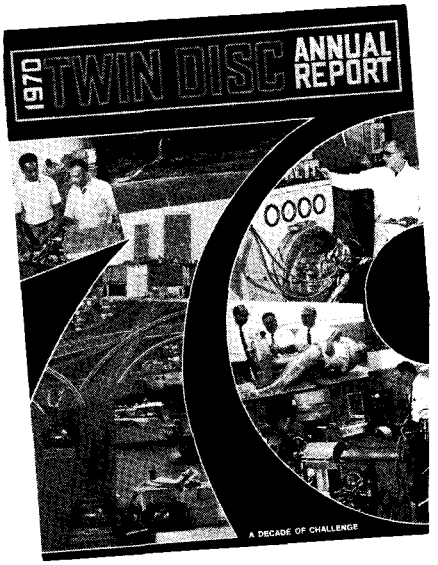
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Charles Benson** asks "Should we ditch Israel?" and quickly answers no, not at all. But we must, he says, do something other than what we've tried so far (ceasefires, negotiations, stalemates à la Korea) to insure her security not to mention our own. Just what? How about a move both dramatic and novel, and to hell with World Opinion. Mr. Benson, formerly vice president of Metron Corporation, has served since 1965 as a private consultant to the aerospace and defense industries. This is his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . In the last of three special reports from Latin America, **Selden Rodman** examines Bolivia where, as usual, things are going to smash. Here as in Peru, Mr. Rodman finds a new model of military rule, one we'd best learn to deal with. . . . **Russell Kirk** disposes of the Scranton Report on campus unrest, and wishes somebody would dispose once and for all with the whole idea of Presidential Commissions. *Quis Custodiet* and all that. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes from London about foolishness in and out of the British press, about the puzzling Mr. Enoch Powell and (more foolishness) about the bureaucrats of BOAC who almost thwarted his return to this country, hooray for TWA.

■ For our Fall Book Issue, a gallimaufry. **John Chamberlain**, syndicated columnist and constant reader, recommends the just-published wartime journals of Colonel Lindbergh. Mr. Chamberlain remembers when Lindbergh said all those shocking things that don't seem so shocking now, unless of course you're the *New York Times*. . . . "He's comparing Hemingway to that purple faggot Walter Pater!" So raged one *NR* staffer on reading **Guy Davenport**'s review of the just-unearthed, just-published "new" Hemingway novel. Mr. Davenport teaches, translates, edits, writes, draws and lives in Kentucky; in his spare time he excogitates startling juxtapositions. . . . Poppyconomist "Adam Smith" said it in a *New York* Magazine article; now future-watcher Herman Kahn says it in a book: Japan, off and running toward superpowerhood, will outstrip the U.S. and the USSR in a matter of two decades or so. Could be, says **David Brudnoy**, whose specialty is Japanese history. . . . **Garry Wills** writes perceptively about that underrated overproducer, Hilaire Belloc. Dare we hope? . . . **George Fielding Eliot**, military affairs analyst on the late *New York Herald Tribune*, likes the new book by Hanson Baldwin, until recently his opposite number on the *New York Times*. . . . **Tibor Szamuely**, himself an escapee from Communist tyranny, reviews the essays of Yevgeny Zamyatin, who hung around until 1931 and saw just what the Revolution did to Russian literature. . . . **M. E. Bradford**, an unreconstructed Southerner, enjoys one more book by *le maitre*, Richard Weaver.

A decade of challenge



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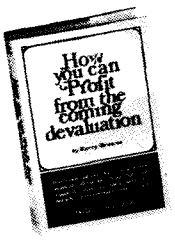

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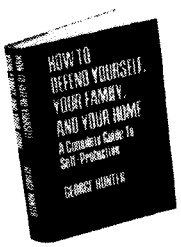

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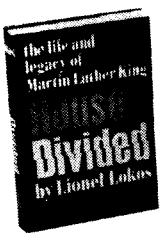

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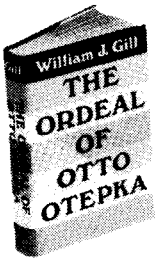

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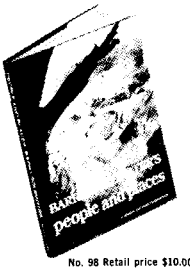

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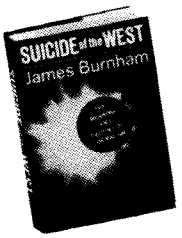

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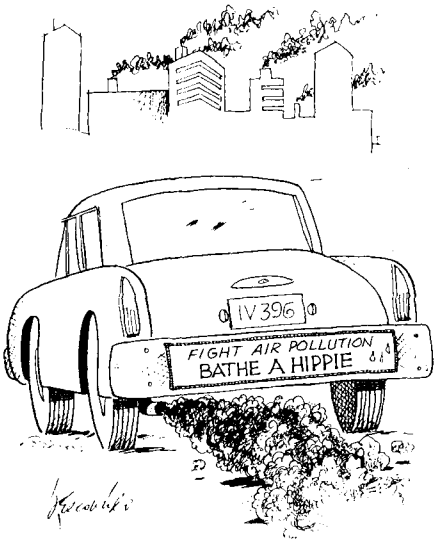
FOR THE RECORD

■ Here and there on the election scene: Party headquarters in Washington indicate **Republicans** outraised and outspent **Democrats** nearly ten to one. . . . Secret Service agents, angry at sly reports that the San Jose stoning of President **Nixon** was a put-on, trotted out the car Mr. Nixon had been riding in, showed reporters at least ten places where rocks had dented it. . . . Busy as a bee, in pre-November period, **Sargent Shriver** who campaigned for 97 Democratic candidates in 27 states—piling up political IOUs should he decide to run for national office two years hence. . . . Words come true. Sen. **Javits**' statement two weeks before election that if **Spiro Agnew**'s standards prevail, "Republicans in this state will have to nominate candidates satisfactory to the Conservative Party." (They have, and they will.) . . . Crack of the night, Lt. Gov. **Malcolm Wilson**, when it became clear that for the fourth time he and **Rockefeller** had been elected: 'I've been No. 2 longer than Avis." . . . WCBS, the morning after, commenting, "**John Lindsay**, having endorsed **Goldberg** and **Goodell** [both losers], has flown off to London for a short visit." . . . Relieved, some Southern dj's to be able to play the new Nashville hit: "Spiro, Our Hero, We Love You Down South." They had held back for fear Democrats would demand equal time, or so they say.

■ First things first: Trustees of **Johns Hopkins University** have voted to restore on-campus military recruiting to avert possible loss of much-needed $2.8 million in defense contracts. . . . *Parade* Magazine reports three hundred colleges still in search of presidents; says further that average tenure of **college presidents** has slipped from 7.4 years in 1960 to 5.9 years in 1970. . . . What do you know: Conservatives, in wildly unexpected upset, took nine of 35 seats in **Princeton's Undergraduate Assembly** which means, says UGA President



■ ■

Jerome Davis (a lib), that "we are planning to push through a proposal for student referendums which could override any UGA action." . . . Most recent **U.S. Office of Education** estimate is that more than a quarter of the American people—over 58 million—are now in school.

■ *Toronto Telegram* has closed its **Moscow bureau** in protest againts "intimidation and journalistic blackmail." . . . Other Western newsmen also having trouble. *Newsweek* correspondent **John Dornberg** was ordered to leave a fortnight ago, the third American to be expelled from the Soviet Union in five months. . . . Reports from both Vienna and Rome indicate **Italy** and **Austria** will go ahead shortly with plans to establish diplomatic relations with **Red China**. In addition, Italy is expected to switch its vote on question of Peking's admission to the UN this year. . . . **Libyans** took to the streets last week to celebrate the expulsion of all but 27 Italians from that country (the 27 are in jail). All in all 12,770 have been expelled since the revolutionary coup and all their possessions and assets (except a few personal belongings) confiscated. . . . The latest (1971) edition of *Le Petit Larousse* has bowed to *franglais*. Among its new listings: "**cocktails molotovs**."

■ Bank robbers move over: Nearly half the listings on current Most Wanted FBI list are of student radicals. They include **Bernardine Dohrn**, the four Madison U. bombers, a Colorado U. student suspected of blowing up power plants and two Brandeis students wanted in connection with a Boston bank robbery and murder. . . . American Civil Liberties Union Bulletin reports **William Kunstler** will coordinate the defense of 25 persons indicted by grand jury in connection with Kent State killings of last spring. . . . **Charles Siragusa**, of Illinois Crime Commission, has testified that most of the 692 Americans who went to Cuba under auspices of SDS last June, ostensibly to cut cane, got instruction in guerrilla warfare. He warns: "[The SDS] is plotting anarchy which will surpass all levels of revolutionary activity seen in recent decades." . . . *Daily World* has become leading leftist defender of **Angela Davis**; Communists hoping, say the meanies, to make as much money out of her cause as it did in long campaign to free the **Scottsboro Boys**. . . . **Jean Genet**, the Black Panthers' pet Frenchman, fears for Miss Davis' life. "I'm afraid that in the climate of fear in White America they'll massacre Angela Davis. . . . They're going to try to kill her, claiming she'd been trying to escape. Any excuse to shoot her." . . . Most delicious picket sign of the week, carried by Front for the Liberation of Quebec demonstrators in front of Canadian consulate in New York: "**Trudeau** Is a CIA Pig."

■ Epitaph on the elections, by **Arnold Moskowitz** in *N.Y. Daily News*: "A Democratic majority in Congress is like sitting in a parked taxi with the meter running; you don't go anywhere but it costs you a fortune."

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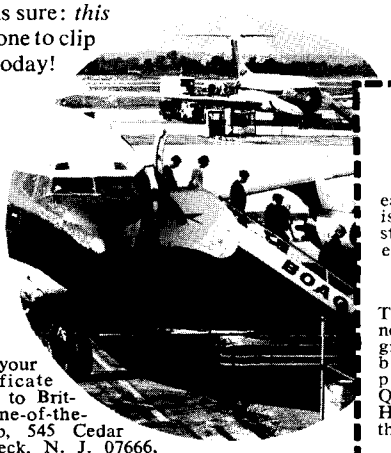

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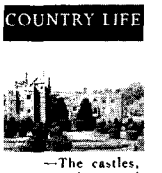

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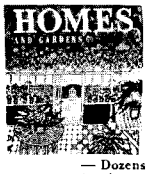

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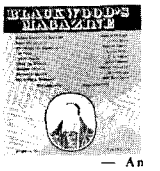

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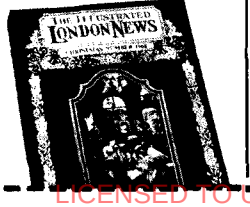

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LETTERS

From the Sixth Fleet

I read Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "The Russians in the Mediterranean" [Aug. 25] with more than passing interest.

For the most part, I found this analysis of Soviet achievements and intentions in this area of vital strategic importance to the United States and its NATO allies quite sound and informative. However, I would take issue with one or two points. The article suggests that the presence of an ever-increasing Soviet fleet is not the grave menace it is purported to be. It further states that in this air age, "the maritime age may be a thing of the past." This implication that assumed decisiveness of Soviet control of important airfields in turn guarantees, ipso facto, the control of strategic bodies of water, i.e., the Bosporus and Dardanelles, seems to be dangerously overstated.

More specifically, I would challenge the author's implication that airpower in the Mediterranean, as represented by Soviet land-based aircraft, together with the political machinations of the Russians, which have gained them control of strategically located airfields, are in themselves decisive factors neutralizing the presence of allied naval forces.

A decline in the influence of U.S. seapower in the Mediterranean seems to be the basic postulation. I believe the opposite to be true.

At the present time and for the foreseeable future the two strongest maritime forces in the Mediterranean Sea are indeed the U.S. Sixth and the Soviet Mediterranean Fleets. The Soviet force is newer and more specialized. The two are roughly equivalent in number, but numbers alone certainly do not tell the whole story. The Sixth Fleet has greater balance in its sea-going forces and consequently offers a greater number of options or responses to military or political contingencies. It has the capability of performing across the entire spectrum of warfare, and certainly has the ability alone and when acting in concert with NATO forces, to balance the Soviet sea-going forces and land-based air.

Further, Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article implies that the Soviets can "control" the Mediterranean Sea, even though denied free passage of their ships through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, purely by establishing a series of airfields along the North African coast.

While hostile aircraft based along the southern edge of the Mediterranean could certainly take a heavy toll of shipping in that sea—until the aircraft and their bases can be destroyed—they can in no way "control" the Mediterranean in the sense of denying its use to our ships, mercantile and naval.

In addition to being counterbalanced by Western control of the land on the opposite side of this inland sea, the Soviet African bases must withstand the sea-based airpower present in NATO's Southern Striking Force.

For the massive logistic support which would be required for sustained Soviet air operations, the Soviets would be dependent upon resupply from the sea. This would be denied them by control of the straits of ingress and by the Western naval forces in the Mediterranean, which forces could be resupplied and continually augmented by sea.

Finally, although Soviet airpower based in North Africa is indeed a capability to be considered seriously and one that might initially cause great problems at sea in the Mediterranean, Soviet airpower could, in time, be reduced to manageable proportions, leaving NATO and the Western nations in control of the sea lanes on the Southern flank of Europe. The important factor here is to prevent any Soviet capability from gaining a military edge which could not be overcome.

I. C. KIDD JR.
Vice Admiral, U.S. Navy
Commander, Sixth Fleet

Consolation

Perhaps Mr. Ed Tyler ["Letters," Oct. 20] will not feel too lonely or too irate if he knows that there are several million people whom Al Capp harpoons daily and in fact became famous by so doing.

It's the South, suh, and we not only read Li'l Abner, we enjoy it. We've been receiving his messages for twenty years. Imagine his surprise to discover he's been sending all those messages to the wrong people!

Conservatism can be fun.

La Fayette, Ga. J. WILLIAM RHYNE

Notes from Middle America

Gilbert Meilaender's "Reflections on Defection" ["Letters," Sept. 8] rate at least an Honorable Mention for Condescension. From what lofty heights he envisions us wallowing amidst our chrome, barbecue sauce and comic books!

Granted Middle America is unaristocratic; how very American of us! We perceive the variety of intellects and talents among us, and still the bricklayer goes fishing with the judge, the professor hunts with the delivery man, the surgeon helps elect the local auto dealer to the school board. If "American conservatism" today is by concept aristocratic, then it is an anachronism. I much prefer to believe that Mr. Meilaender is simply the last of the Tories.

The words of Messrs. Kirk, Meyer and Buckley have often stretched my mind and tried my Thorndike, but have never once signaled that I was crashing the party. My "life of the mind" must be squeezed between washloads and ragouts, altar guild and Republican committee meetings, between daily readings of *Winnie-the-Pooh*, between the roles of thankfully unliberated wife, mother and member of the human race. What Mr. Meilaender does not or will not or cannot see, as Frank Meyer apparently can, is that Middle American devotion to such trivialities has as little to do with materialism and as much to do with liberty (for those large numbers turning toward conservatism) as a devotion to the life of the mind. That any man could consider himself "tolerant" and "humble," while accepting this self-serving alliance with Middle America in pear-shaped tones of total disdain, surely gives aid and comfort to the enemy.

Potsdam, N.Y. MRS. JUNE DURYEA

Did some printer's devil transpose the titles of the book reviews by Frank S. Meyer and Guy Davenport [Oct. 20]?

Mr. Davenport takes my breath away. His attack on a "Middle America" is more emotion than reason. I find it hard to believe that he is serious. Does he really believe that personal carelessness is a class phenomenon? Not in the world I observe. I can correlate smashed bottles in the streets with income levels and note that this is an occurrence related to low income. Treeless lawns are not considered beautiful, they exist because they are inexpensive, and the upwardly mobile accept them in lieu of the shaded acres they cannot afford. Drum majorettes are not "significant"; they are *fun*, and today fun seems to have become the exclusive property of the middle class.

This paragraph is an offense to the high standards of a journal that is not only conservative, but intellectual.

Grosse Pointe, Mich. VICTOR RAVIOLO

Thanks from McSorley's

Many thanks for John Coyne's fine tribute to McSorley's ["Ale, Cheese, Onions and Women," Sept. 22]. The character of the Ale House and its traditions are well-expressed in this article.

Best regards from all at the Ale House.

DANIEL O'CONNELL KIRWAN

New York, N.Y.

Riposte

William Buckley's column "Politics in Texas" [Aug. 25] strives valiantly to defend the Texas Republican Party against a recent report by the Ripon Society, but the facts are clearly not in his favor.

Only three of Texas' 23 congressmen

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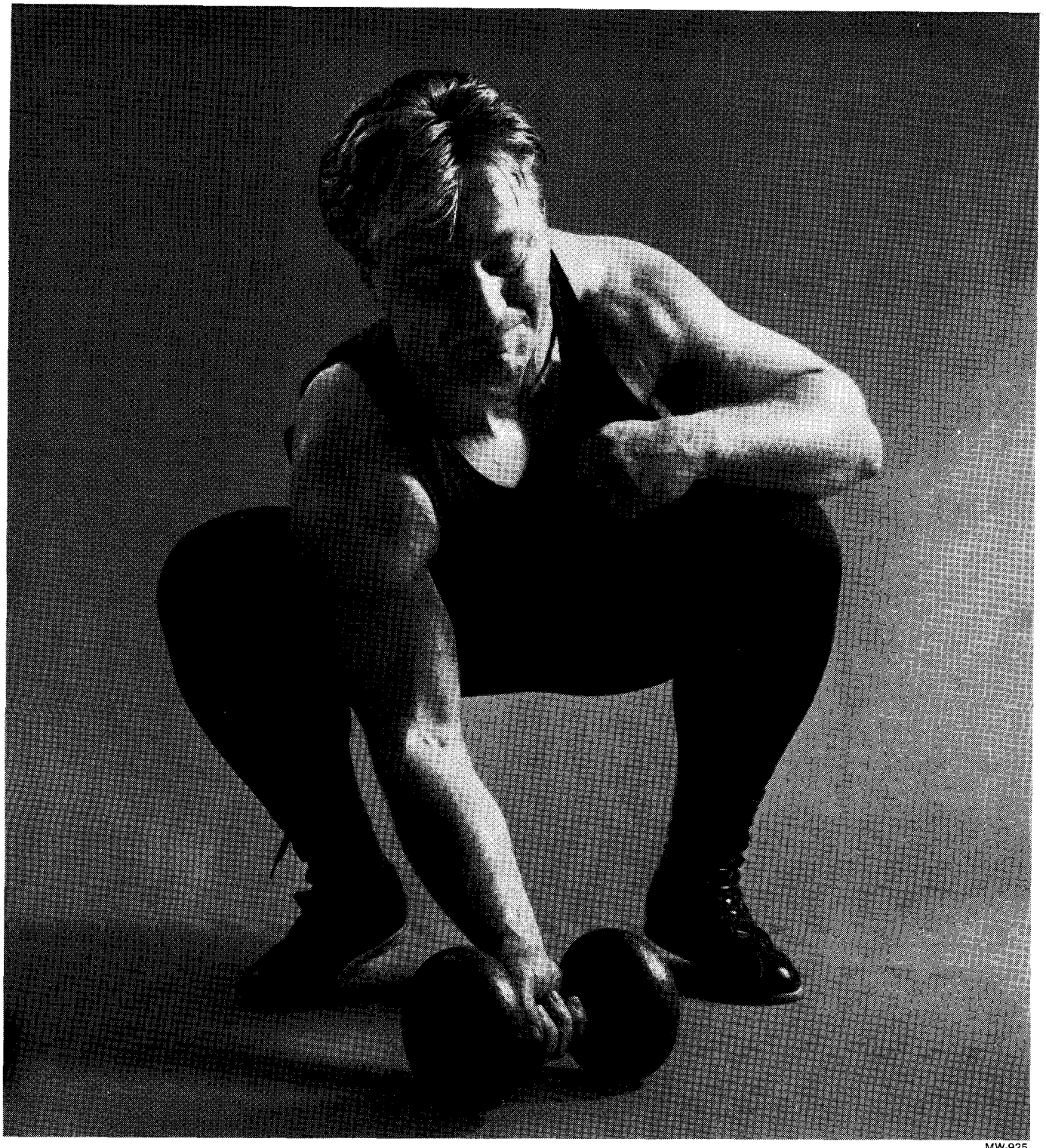

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are Republicans; only ten of its 181 state legislators belong to the GOP. This is a much poorer record than in each of the other states of the peripheral South—Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. The only major Republican vote-getter in Texas, Senator John Tower, has won with liberal Democratic support—as Mr. Buckley mentions. And its most promising new face, Rep. George Bush, has won by appealing to moderates who comprise what we call the New South. A state with the socio-economic and ethnic diversity of Texas should be fertile ground for Republican gains. It is only the uncompromising conservatism of the party leadership that has made Texas the least Republican state of the peripheral South.

P.S.: How droll of you to term us the "Capon Society" in your editorials!

HOWARD L. REITER
Cambridge, Mass. Editor, *Ripon Forum*

Nika Sí! Rickenbacker No!

God bless Mrs. Nika Standen Hazelton! Now that this fantastic lady has returned, NATIONAL REVIEW is once more the only magazine worth reading.

After reading "The Bayreuth Touch" [Oct. 20], one can easily forget all about the annoying Mr. William F. Rickenbacker. When this lovely lady described Richard Wagner's music as "pure unadulterated bliss," it was Mrs. Hazelton's luck that she was not around me at the moment I read that, for I am an excessively emotional female who cannot be held responsible for her actions when supremely happy.

New York, N.Y. ILSE RYERSON

Does Mr. Rickenbacker ["Happy Birthday, Mr. Beethoven," Oct. 20] really think that Schubert did not produce an enormous amount of tinkle-tinkle, Chopin an enormous amount of fizz-fizz, and Rachmaninoff a whole lot of slush-slush? Does he really think Mozart's umpteen cassations, serenades, contredanses, minuets, three movement symphonies and divertimenti, Bach's two hundred-odd cantatas, Scarlatti's four or five hundred sonatas, Verdi's 29 operas, and Stravinsky's numerous everything seldom fall below the level of great masters? Come, come. I really think he was kept too busy listening to all Beethoven's goddam operas.

Hanover, N.H. GREG AUDETTE

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THE WEEK

■ Why is it that, no matter what the election and who the candidates, the *New York Times* always ends up coming out against fascism and the Ku Klux Klan?

■ Nothing special to remark about the TV election coverage. Eric Sevareid chewed his gloomy cud as usual, mooing about "how far we've drifted to the right." Roger Mudd found the growing Brock majority "ominous," and Lucille Rich, also of CBS, kept reminding us that Jim Buckley *really* lived in Connecticut. Charles Kuralt surveyed the scene at Buckley headquarters, and came up with: "There's a great feeling of expectancy here in the air here. . . . The people, and I don't see a black face in the crowd, sense that their man is going to win. . . ."; and made sure the message got through: "The crowd here senses victory in the air. . . . There's a great deal of merrymaking. The band is playing. It's played 'Dixie' a couple of times. It's that kind of crowd. . . ." Over at NBC David Brinkley kept up a running monologue with the ghost of Chet, assuring us that Nixon and Agnew had blundered, that Republicans really weren't winning anywhere, occasionally slipping Freudianly: "Buckley refused to withdraw," he blurted, "refused to give his head to Spiro Agnew on a silver platter." The ghost didn't correct him. But all in all, it could have been worse. And there was a curious restraint whenever the Vice President's name was mentioned. Did somebody tell them something?

■ When James Buckley walked onstage to make his victory speech, a throng of his supporters—most of them young, many of them Jewish, some of them black, all of them deliriously happy—went wild. They sang, they chanted, and a lot of them thrust out their right arms. We were there. We saw. The fingers of the hands on the ends of those arms did two things. On some hands, the first and second fingers were outspread in the V sign that to some means peace, to others, victory. On others, the index finger was extended—appropriate for the chant of "We're Number One." It looked different on television, over in Ottinger headquarters, whence Pete Hamill, *Schmeerkunst* specialist on the *New York Post*, dutifully described Buckley's "followers chanting . . . with the right hands shooting straight out into the air, and someone said, 'How come they're singing in German?' "

■ Mayor John Lindsay had a perfect score with his endorsements in the New York election. He ostentatiously endorsed Arthur Goldberg and Charles Goodell. Both lost resoundingly. Is a Lindsay endorsement the kiss of death? There's a deep theory going around—that Lindsay is using his endorsement as a sort of doomsday weapon, and plans to eliminate every possible rival. Look out! He might endorse *you*!

■ Politics aren't going well for him, but Lindsay always has an anchor to windward. A poll in the *London Daily Sketch* places him well up on a list of the World's Ten Sexiest Men. Above Alley Oop, and below the Boston Strangler?

■ *Good Losers Department.* Conceding defeat to James Buckley, Richard Ottinger reminded his supporters that "None of us should forget that 62 per cent of the voters of New York State today reaffirmed their desire for decent values in our society." Yulch.

■ Spencer Kimball of the University of Wisconsin Law School proposes that students pay $100 per semester to cover potential campus property damage. Under the proposal students would pay $100 as a "current premium deposit." If there were no explosions, firebombings or other destruction, the money would be refunded. The plan, says Dean Kimball, would "provide concrete and tangible motivation to the responsible students—the vast majority—to take control of student organizations and activities from the undisciplined activists who lead them astray."

■ West German Chancellor Willy Brandt knows he can't take his nice treaty with Russia to the Bundestag unless certain promises Soviet negotiators made about Berlin are carried out. That treaty was signed in late spring and nothing happened, promisewise. Then, suddenly, a new flurry of diplomatic activity. Gromyko visited Bonn and within days direct Bonn-Pankow talks were announced. Why? Because what the USSR wants above all is to woo West Germany from its NATO alliance and this it can more easily do with Willy Brandt than with a Christian Democrat as Chancellor. Brandt's position has been seriously undermined by recent defections from the allied Free Democratic Party, and new state elections are at hand. So, put the screws on Walter Ulbricht and make him talk about Berlin even though what he wants to talk about is diplomatic recognition. And hope to give the West Germans a couple of crumbs that will make it possible for Brandt to take his treaty to the Bundestag and get it approved.

■ President Julius K. Nyerere of Tanzania, President Kenneth D. Kaunda of Zambia and Peking representative Fang Yi, member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, on October 26, formally inaugurated Communist China's biggest foreign aid operation in the name of "the struggle against imperialism and colonialism": construction of the 1,116-mile Tanzam railroad. Judged by all Western and World Bank experts to be economically absurd, the railroad's political aims are

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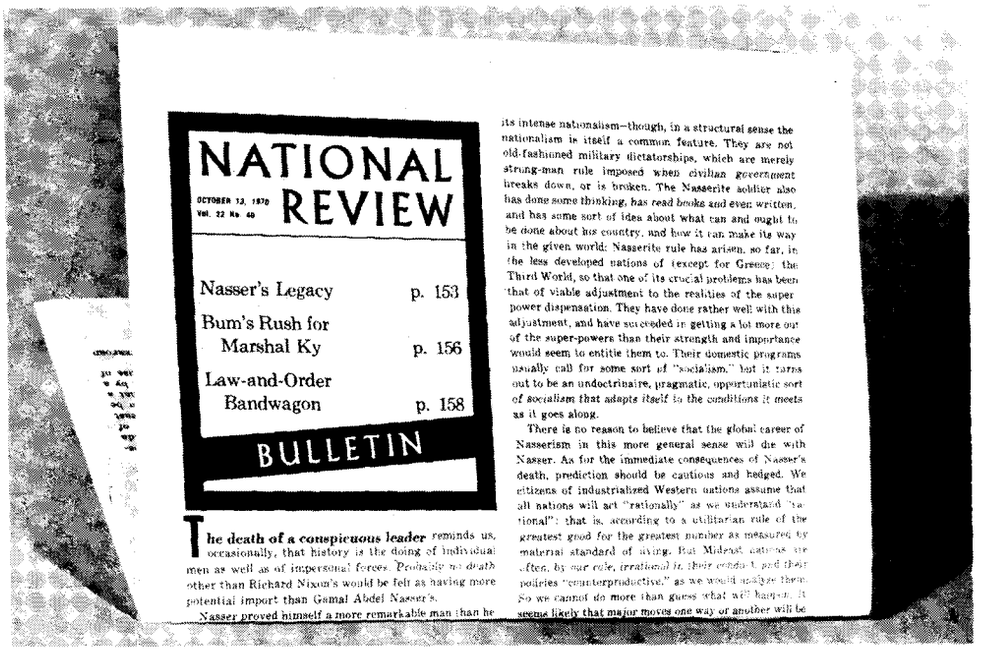
NATIONAL REVIEW
OCTOBER 13, 1970
Vol. 22 No. 40
Nasser's Legacy p. 153
Bum's Rush for Marshal Ky p. 156
Law-and-Order Bandwagon p. 158
BULLETIN
The death of a conspicuous leader reminds us, occasionally, that history is the doing of individual men as well as of impersonal forces. Probably no death other than Richard Nixon's would be felt as having more potential import than Gamal Abdel Nasser's.
Nasser proved himself a more remarkable man than he

The $1 Special Introductory Offer to our fast-reading NR BULLETIN was one of the most popular offers we ever made. But we haven't been able to make it for quite a while now—inflation in the publishing business is anything *but* slackening off, and it seems certain that such low-price offers will soon join the 5¢ cigar (not to mention the 10¢ and 15¢ ones!) as a thing of the past.

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clear: to enable Zambia to end dependence on rail routes through Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique in getting its copper out and manufactured goods in; for China, to win a powerful beachhead in east Africa.

■ "What makes this man think we want him here?" snorted an Egyptian official. "We know nothing about these people," muttered an Al Fatah spokesman. "Where am I?" mumbled fuddled dopester-in-chief Timothy Leary as he and his playmates were booted from Lebanon to Egypt and back to Algeria again. But even there, up at Eldridge Cleaver's villa, there was some question about the welcome. Seems that President Houari Boumedienne has just launched an all-out campaign against Western decadence, and high on his list of decadent things are expatriate American hippie hopheads. Poor Leary. Those puritanical Arabs just don't understand what revolution is all about. Never been to Harvard or Berkeley.

■ Canada has quietly announced the sale of 98 million bushels of wheat to Communist China for admission to the UN, two diplomats and an undisclosed amount of cash.

■ If you like freedom and style, you'll love Albert Jay Nock. To celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Nock's birth, the Nockian Society (30 S. Broadway, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10533) has published *Cogitations*, a collection of Nock's most elegant and crusty observations. Compiled by Robert M. Thornton, with a preface by Jacques Barzun. One buck, and a real bargain it is. Get one and savor.

■ Love that Freedom of the Press! Nice story—Black Panthers in Algeria, opening their office, planning to recruit black deserters from the U.S. Armed Forces, bullying a reporter, waiting and working for *der Tag*. The Algerian government welcomes, yes, protects them—while "in the United States, the Black Panthers are viewed in official quarters [nowhere else, of course] as a menace to society. They are harassed by police, and shot in battles with them [any policemen shot?]." Nice Panthers, purr, purr. Along with the story, a long statement by Panther Eldridge Cleaver, calling for revolution in the U.S., encouraging people to kill pigs, especially big pigs: "It would give me great satisfaction if Richard Nixon should be killed. I would consider that an excellent thing." Best thing is, you needn't scrounge around for a copy of the clumsily written, crummily printed, small-circulation *Black Panther* Magazine to read it. You'll find it right up front in the elegantly written, handsomely printed, huge-circulation, super-influential *New York Times Sunday Magazine*.

■ Thoreau is dead. Long live the city. The sixth annual Symposium on Air Pollution and Respiratory Disease has divulged statistics which prove that more people living out in the country die of emphysema than do those who choke on the foul air and exhaust fumes of the city. And what's more, the concentration of toxic gases in cigarette smoke is four times greater than that in New York City's polluted air. So, if you live in the country, and smoke, you'd better sit back and enjoy yourself until the end comes.

■ Some couples get married at the beach in their bathing suits; others in some wooded vale beside a gurgling brook, naked. As people tire of the same old bit, marriage styles are changing in America. And so also in Russia. Venya Markin and bride Lena wanted to do something different. They wanted to marry in a church; and so they did. Up before the Young Communist League they were brought to explain themselves. They weren't convincing. Fumed one paper: "Did they want to raise everybody's interest in their persons by their extravagant action? To become the center of attention? . . . Their action was a manifestation of their spiritual weakness, absence of solid position and absence of self-assurance."

Something New Is Added

There was no stopping us "ruthless night-riders of the political Right" (to give us the vigorous identification uncovered by the *Times*) in spite of the desperate stand made by Charles Goodell, "a public official determined" —as every right-thinking citizen knew—"to keep freedom from being assassinated." (We'll need a little more time to finish up with the assassination, but as a starter we've managed to liquidate ex-Senator Goodell's freedom to add to the nation's troubles and confusion by his misguided conduct as legislator.) Our point rider—"symbol of all the primitive forces that would turn back the political clock, encourage repression and deepen the alienation now felt by the young and dispossessed" (we're relying on the *New York Post*'s description)—really got results from his "naked appeal to the spirit of repressive right-wing reaction now shadowing the nation."

In short, we've got ourselves a senator—and it's a very big "we" we're talking about, fifty states wide.

Make no mistake about it. The election of James Buckley as U.S. Senator from New York (*New York!*) was the most important thing that happened this November 3. Its importance is accurately measured by the ferocity—though as it proved, a rather toothless ferocity—of the campaign waged against him, not so much by his two opponents, who were locked into a frustrating tactical position, as by the combined assault force of the liberal media, local and national. In more positive significance, Buckley's election, and the campaign that brought it about, did in truth bring into voice and action large sections of the American majority that has long been politically silent and passive. These are the citizens who, busy with the constructive work of the country, their homes and families, and the day-by-day round of civic and charitable duties, have kept largely aside while so much of the political structure of the nation slipped into the hands of ideologues. The nation's affairs having

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been brought under that guidance to a condition that dismayed these taken-for-granted citizens, they found a champion and a voice in Buckley. Nor is it only the citizens of New York who were concerned in his campaign and now share the promise of his victory. Seldom if ever before has a single contest for the Senate aroused so active a nationwide interest. The tens of thousands of small money contributions from all over the country have never been matched in any previous election.

The disconsolate ideologues will console themselves with the memory that Buckley did not get a majority of the vote. Somehow that sort of ratio didn't qualify their rejoicing at John Lindsay's minority mayoralty victory last year. If big third parties are rare in American history, minor candidates are frequent enough to bring about a good many less-than-majority winners, from Presidents down. In the case of this year's three-man senatorial race in New York, the inability of the liberal forces in control of the state apparatus of the major parties to work out a strategy to defeat Buckley was itself a proof of their growing ineffectuality. It is analogous to the inability of the liberal wing of the Republican Party to unite on a rival to Goldwater in 1964 or to Nixon in 1968. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that as the candidate of the Republican and Conservative parties Buckley could not have defeated Ottinger as Democratic-Liberal candidate—a lineup that New York Republicans wanted, but Rockefeller vetoed.

Not the least important element in the New York election is the emergence, through this dramatic and successful campaign, of a new political personality of the first magnitude. Buckley's sincerity, good sense, straightforwardness, calm and irresistible smile project themselves fully in photographs and TV, and in his voice; and their public image will not wear thin because they are all real; the image and the person are one. The scurrilities and slander of the media slid off the Buckley the voters knew with their own eyes and ears. Voters with lifelong conditioning to shudder at the thought of conservatism could not help smiling at his smile, and felt intuitively that this was a man they could trust. New Yorkers did a good deal more last week than merely elect one senator among a hundred senators. With James Buckley, something new has been added to the public life of the nation, as the nation will abundantly learn in the six years ahead.

In the Senate, James Buckley will occupy Robert Kennedy's seat, temporarily filled by an interim gubernatorial appointment. Test that on your symbolic-significance meter. —JB

Take It Off, Take It All Off

Little by little, like Lily St. Cyr,
Lindsay's been stripping to help his career.
Long ago flinging his coat in the aisle,
Lately, the Mayor's been stripping with style.
Cuff links and shoelaces teasingly go.
(John on a runway's a *fabulous* show.)
Now, as I study the latest reports,
Lindsay's apparently down to his shorts.
If I were Senator Muskie, I'd be
Trying to stop him from tossing his "G."

W. H. von Dreele

Symbolic Races

From the standpoint of the schematic Left, certain political races take on a peculiar importance, are perceived as touchstones of political meaning. Far beyond the boundaries of the congressional district or the state in question, it is understood that a victory for Drinan or Studds or Hoff is "important." Financial support for the candidate thus favored is likely to flow from out of state, and committees with resounding titles flack for him in full-page ads in the *Times*.

In Vermont, for example, it became very important to schematic liberaldom that former Governor Philip Hoff defeat incumbent Republican Senator Winston Prouty, for this race crystallized many things. Hoff had been the first governor to desert LBJ and come out for Bobby; later on he backed Gene McCarthy. On every issue, you name it, he took the fashionably liberal position, and dovier than Hoff you just could not get. But if Hoff was a *belideal*, Prouty was just as clearly the Heavy. He had cast a key vote for the ABM, and ultra-liberals never forget. He had voted for Haynsworth. He was ostentatiously a Nixon man, and the President came into the state to stump for him. Prouty had to be punished. His humiliation, furthermore, would constitute a victory not only for Hoff but for Virtue and Enlightenment.

It didn't work out that way. Enough normal Democrats crossed over and voted for Prouty to produce a landslide for this sinner. To the ordinary voter, Republican or Democrat, much of Hoff's support smelled faintly piscatorial.

But how did some of the other symbolic races turn out? Around Yale you noticed all those blue and white Duffey stickers. The Rev. Joseph Duffey, a Congregationalist minister and the head of the ADA, the heir of Connecticut's Gene McCarthy movement, a man whose stand on the war made Senator Fulbright look like Curtis LeMay—here was the leader of the forces of Enlightenment. But despite the fact that Thomas Dodd, running as an independent, split the conservative vote, Republican Lowell P. Weicker (no conservative rose, we hasten to add) took the seat and Duffey sank back into the arms of the ADA.

In similar races elsewhere it generally went well. In Nassau County's Fifth Congressional District, first-term Congressman Allard Lowenstein, a peripatetic icon of the campus Left, and the instigator of the Dump Johnson movement two years ago, was himself dumped by Norman F. Lent, Republican-Conservative. In New York,

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the Ruthless Night Riders of the Political Right, James Buckley and his supporters, took a Tuesday night-ride over Ottinger and that touching martyr to Agnewism (see above). Up in Massachusetts, Gerry Studds, a New Pol who ran as Youth's ambassador to the cosmos, seems to have dropped a close congressional race to Republican Hastings Keith.

The only serious symbolic race that came in Left was the election of the Rev. Robert Drinan, a super-dove, to a Massachusetts congressional seat.

Two winners of House seats are so bizarre that it is impossible to attach any symbolic, i.e., representative meaning to them at all. Bella Abzug, a bellicose female lib type who never stops talking, came in for Manhattan's Upper West Side, and Berkeley elected Ronald Dellums, who will be the most radical individual ever to enter Congress. Two cages are now being constructed on the floor of the Lower Chamber.

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines

Now they're revving up for the big one, 1972. The Republicans have their man, but the Democrats are still looking. On the morning after this year's election, the field of hopefuls and possibles had shifted formation, and enlarged.

Edmund Muskie's big win in the Maine senatorial contest, and his role as spokesman of his party in the election eve television effort (in which he read a speech ghosted by Kennedyite Richard Goodwin), make him the front-runner for now. Clearly, the party pros are grooming Muskie.

And Ted Kennedy? Nobody grooms Kennedys, they groom themselves. Whatever its announced goal, the Kennedy campaign had to pull in a bigger vote than the 74 per cent total of 1964 in order to erase, sufficiently, the stain of Chappaquiddick. But Kennedy won only 64 per cent this time out—an indication that not all the voters of his state have forgiven and forgotten. Put Kennedy well back in the field.

George McGovern made a bidlet at the 1968 Convention, and has a Washington office working on an effort in 1972. Just now he's sulking over the attention given Muskie by the national party. Another Midwesterner, Harold Hughes of Iowa, campaigned hard for fellow-Democrats and picked up a lot of IOUs in the process, not to mention national exposure. Say he's slightly ahead of Kennedy.

Hubert Humphrey, that hardy perennial, won big in Minnesota to the surprise of no one, stayed at home, out of the national picture.

Here's a new face—a handsome, Kennedyesque one. John Tunney beat George Murphy easily in California, despite the Reagan victory. Although his intellectual gifts are suspect ("You look in his eyes, and there's nobody home," says one observer), Tunney is a great crowd-pleaser. He has most of Ted Kennedy's advantages except super-wealth and none of his liabilities. Look for him to move up.

Nor should we forget John Lindsay. He wants it, and wants it bad. His endorsement of two big losers in the New York State race did him no good, but his forte is image, not down-to-earth politicking. Lindsay might be the surprise pick of a deadlocked convention.

There's a whole crowd more, waiting in the wings, men like Ohio's John Gilligan, who led the Democrats back to control of the state house, or Adlai Stevenson III, the new senator from Illinois, who bears a name that still is magic in some quarters.

So much for the Democrats. It's assumed that Richard Nixon will be the GOP candidate. He came out of this election well, though perhaps not so well as he'd hoped. The outcome makes it clear that crime and violence aren't the only issues, so watch for Nixon to concentrate on others, including the economic, in the next two years while keeping those two nailed down.

And take an occasional sidelong glance at George Wallace, who won easily in Alabama in a year when the "Southern Strategy" proved a very limited success.

To Thine Own Self Be True

A quarter of a million customers sighed with relief at the the news that Merrill Lynch, etc., on the promise of $30 million of support from Stock Exchange member firms, had agreed to bail out their friendly Wall Street broker, Goodbody & Co., four days ahead of insolvency. At the moment those customers might not consider it particularly relevant, but the collapse of Goodbody, fifth largest brokerage firm, latest mortality in a Wall Street death list that has numbered in the scores over the past year and a half, might just possibly convince enough people in New York and Washington that the New York Stock Exchange should start practicing what its officials and most of its members are so fond of preaching: free-enterprise capitalism.

The New York Stock Exchange is surely one of the most self-contradictory of American organizations. This, the country's leading business institution, the accepted symbol of American capitalism, rigorously enforces monopoly pricing, advocates government-backed insurance schemes to rescue it when members prove inept managers of their firms, and zealously tries to stamp out competition by yelling for the Securities and Exchange Commission whenever a rival moves in. It is our guess that if the Exchange doesn't shape up soon, the members are going to find themselves on that path already well-trod by the glass blowers and locomotive firemen.

The Exchange's restrictive practices have had two predictable consequences. First, inefficient firms with a lack of managerial talent were able to enter the securities business and make nice profits when stock prices were rising and volume was high (but not overwhelming). But when the Great Back Office Crush set in last year, and

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soon thereafter stock prices zoomed down, dozens of these hothouse-grown plants withered on the stem.

Second, there has been a rapid growth of competing institutions that bypass the Exchange partially or completely. Small investors who want diversified portfolios can now do better by buying no-load funds rather than dealing in odd lots through Exchange members. The big institutional investors find it increasingly to their advantage to buy and sell elsewhere, where commissions are lower and instant electronic, computer-driven quotations systems are duplicating one of the Exchange's most important functions.

For the Exchange's own health and survival, it will have to move closer to a free-market approach to the securities business. The first place to start is the fixed commission rates. The SEC recommendation for freely negotiated commissions on trades over $100,000 would be a good start, and even better if that minimum were lowered.

Quite possibly a free-market approach would mean lower profits for the most efficient firms, like Merrill Lynch, and extinction for even more third-rate operations than are currently dying. But the investing public is going to buy and sell its securities where it gets the best prices. If the Exchange isn't at least going to meet the competition coming from outside the guild, then there won't be much business inside—for what members are still around.

Law, Order and Trudeau

Canadians have been galvanized by Pierre Trudeau as never before in their history by a political leader. After Mr. Trudeau's TV speeches, Canada saw the issue in simple terms: On the one hand is a brave French-Canadian apostle of law and order; on the other, a group of French separatist terrorists. Even the Tories in Parliament who had at first opposed his declaration of War Measures were forced by popular sentiment to support him. Today Pierre Trudeau has well-nigh absolute power.

There can be no question of the seriousness of the crisis. The murder of Pierre Laporte and the kidnaping of British diplomat James Cross form the climax to a six-year campaign of bombings, killings and lawlessness by the *Front de Libération de Québec* (FLQ). What is not clear is why Canada should have such trust in Trudeau.

Trudeau, after all, was one of the first Westerners to be invited to Peking after Mao's triumph. He was a supporter of the socialistic New Democratic Party at the time of the party's founding, and he admonished it in writing to emulate Mao Tse-tung. More recently, he and the Liberal Party have brushed off the Tories' repeated warnings of infiltration. The 1968 Royal Commission on Security embarrassed the government by disclosing that virtually all Canada's defenses against subversion were being hamstrung and that unless the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were permitted to carry out counter-intelligence work, serious consequences would ensue. Justice Minister Trudeau shelved the report. Meanwhile, bombings were becoming a frequent event in Quebec, culminating in the huge explosion at the Montreal Stock Exchange. Tory demands for countermeasures were rejected as "hysterical."

As the Vietnam war dragged on, the flood of U.S. draft dodgers into Canada increased: Recent estimates suggest that fifty thousand Americans may have crossed over, many with terrorist associations in their backgrounds. Trudeau rejected Tory demands that Canada impose some immigration standards to reduce the influx. When columnists for one Toronto newspaper predicted, after some FLQ members attended the Cuban conference on liberation wars this spring, that Canada would soon see kidnapings as instruments of terrorism, Trudeau took no action; possibly because he did not want to impair Canada's friendly relations with Cuba or raise questions about the logic of recognizing Red China. His enthusiasm for this latter objective is such that the recognition was granted to Peking during the middle of the kidnaping crisis. First things first, even if it meant that skilled Red Chinese operatives will now have a chance to work with the Canadian underground.

With this record in mind, it is hard to see Trudeau as the fearless defender of law and order sincerely anxious to crack down on subversion. So why did Trudeau finally act? Probably he had hard evidence that the FLQ campaign was to be stepped up further. Quebec recently elected liberal (and federalist) Robert Bourassa as Premier on a platform of "100,000 jobs for Quebec." Bourassa had begun a campaign to increase foreign investment in Quebec to provide the jobs, and he was meeting with success. The Cross kidnaping coincided with advertisements taken by the province in leading American papers hymning Quebec as a "good place to locate your plant." Making Canada look like a banana republic was clearly an FLQ objective, and Trudeau doubtless realized

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the impact the events were having on foreign confidence.

However, rather than abolishing all civil liberties, the government could simply have seen to it that existing laws were enforced, and the Mounties encouraged to exercise close surveillance on subversive groups. The danger now is that once the FLQ is crushed, the government will proclaim an "all clear" and lapse into its former quiescence. Although it is dangerous to make predictions about the enigmatic Trudeau, his past record suggests he will be happiest if Canadians don't worry too much about the activities of the Cubans, Red Chinese and their friends.

—DONALD COXE

Nixon's Emergency Powers

Consider the following scenario. Mr. A, a member of the Nixon Cabinet, kidnaped on his way to downtown Washington, is found four days later on the outskirts of Baltimore, murdered. Simultaneously, Mr. B and General X disappear. Their kidnapers phone the *Post* and issue a demand that the Soledad Brothers and Angela Davis be released as the price of their return. During the same week, bombings of tunnels and bridges severely curtail access to Manhattan; bombs strike at the northeastern power grid and a series of brownouts results; airline traffic is disrupted by bombs and threats of bombs; arsonists set huge brush fires in the Los Angeles area. Could President Nixon move against such an insurrection as decisively as Prime Minister Trudeau did against the FLQ terrorists?

The answer is yes, though the legal basis for his actions would be less clear-cut than the Canadian War Measures Act invoked by Trudeau. By declaring an "internal security emergency," the President could empower his Attorney General to apprehend and detain any person believed on reasonable grounds to be likely to engage in acts of espionage or sabotage. Under the circumstances of a national emergency, the President could also, by executive order, mobilize the National Guard and the reserves, impose a curfew, impose censorship, seize any property necessary, arrest any persons abetting the insurrection. Both President Eisenhower and President Kennedy in fact invoked the emergency powers of the Presidency—Eisenhower in 1957 during the crisis over integration in Little Rock, Kennedy during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. As a final emergency recourse there is the declaration of martial law.

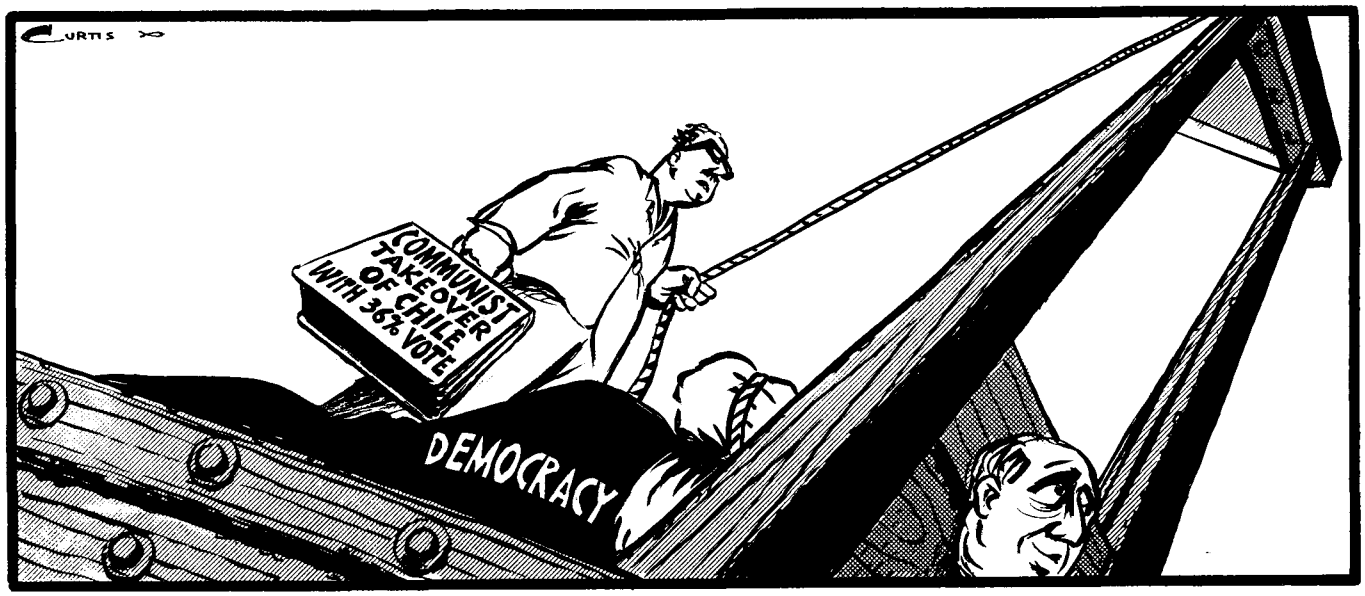
In political theory, even a constitutional system entails powers anterior to those specified in the Constitution, which may be invoked if the existence of the state is endangered. Indeed, President Lincoln, whose employment of extraconstitutional authority during the Civil War extended to suspensions of habeas corpus, often argued that it was his duty to do so.

'March with Us, Mr. Wicker!'

In a recent editorial, *NR* noted that Tom Wicker of the *Times* had moved to an implicitly revolutionary position (See *NR*, Oct. 6). Briefly: Mr. Wicker, in the course of commenting on President Nixon's Kansas State University speech, deplored the fact that Nixon, while condemning criminal and revolutionary violence in the United States, a) omitted even to mention "the violence of the law itself," and b) "defended the violence of the Vietnam war."

NR mildly pointed out that in thus equating extralegal violence with the legally sanctioned use of force by the police and by the Armed Services, Mr. Wicker—whatever else he was doing—was taking a revolutionary position: denying the validity and the legitimacy of the law.

Wicker replied to these points at some length in his column of Sunday, October 25. He intended, he says, to condemn only "the policeman who commits an unneces-



"Now remember . . . you promised this wouldn't hurt if I didn't struggle."

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sary act of violence without legal authority." This "clarification," however, is very difficult to reconcile with the condemnatory phrase he originally in fact used: "the violence of the law itself."

Furthermore, and crucially, Wicker in his "clarification" did not take up at all his earlier equation of criminal and terroristic violence with "the violence of the Vietnam war"—a formulation which, surely, equates the legal use of force with extralegal violence. And this, by wiping out the qualitative distinction, is to take a revolutionary position.

Mr. Wicker's predicament is in some ways a touching one, for he is in fact torn in different directions. On the one hand he works for the *New York Times*, which is not supposed to be a revolutionary organ, which, indeed, presents itself as the essence of respectability. It is liberal, but also establishmentarian. Wicker, however, is pulled powerfully in an opposite direction, and these counter-impulses from time to time percolate to the surface of his prose. Wicker himself has reported a highly revealing incident that occurred one afternoon during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, while he was walking along Michigan Avenue on his way to the amphitheater. He met a line of youthful marchers "on the way to the front, farther along Michigan Avenue across from the Conrad Hilton Hotel. They carried posters with messages like 'End the War,' 'Trade Hubie For the *Pueblo*,' 'Stop the Bombing,' 'Dump the Hump,' and 'Vote No for President.' The McCarthy peace dove was emblazoned on many of their placards. I nudged my way through the long line and headed for a rented car at curbside. Then someone in the orderly line shouted at me.

" 'Hey, Mr. Wicker,' he called, rather politely, 'Come on and march with us.'

"All is vanity and I was pleased to be recognized. But others in the line took up the shout: 'Come on, Mr. Wicker! March! March with us, Mr. Wicker!'

"I just waved, and stood there. Traffic went past. The line moved on, the shouts weakened, and one last call came back to me above the sounds of tires and horns, and is with me still:

" 'March, Mr. Wicker! Put up, or shut up.'

"So I stood there a while longer, and the picketers went on past, until those who had called to me were far up the Avenue; and in the wilting heat I felt sad and old and out of shape. I had believed always that I belonged with the young and the brave and the pure in heart; but in the end I got into my rented car and went on out to the Stockyards and up to the press gallery."

And there we have it, in an agonizing flash of self-revelation. The aging sentimentalist is forced to recognize that he is not going to the "front." He is not carrying a placard. He is not going to slug it out with the cops, shout obscenities, strike a blow against the hated System. He is part of the System, Tom Wicker of the *Times*.

But every so often, if you're in a fix like Wicker's, you actually write a revolutionary column. You are sure no one will notice. Not Reston! Not Salisbury! It just sneaks in. And then someone does notice. And you have to retreat, ignominiously. Like Prufrock. Sad and old and out of shape.

Cardinal Cushing, RIP

One regrets the tendency in the obituaries to secularize old Cardinal Cushing. He lent himself, one supposes, to that temptation, by behaving like a picture-book prelate: tough, tender, compassionate, Boston cracker-barrel. At the funeral service for John F. Kennedy, so mysterious, silent, Latinate, he was visible at the altar on the television screen, but his personality was not revealed until, at the cemetery, he broke down to utter a coarse yet moving ejaculation of personal grief, reminding one in spite of oneself of the mean observaton by Henry Mencken that when the typical priest is required to stop talking in Latin, when the organ dies down and the incense ceases to burn, you realize suddenly as he opened his mouth to give the sermon that God's messenger on earth is probably sweating in his armpits, and was born the son of a chauffeur. Politically it was assumed that he was liberal, as Boston Irish are supposed to be, when suddenly he was caught saying pleasant things about the John Birch Society, which to be sure he later withdrew: But he had acted from impulse, as so often he did. It was his impulse, on one occasion when I lectured to a religious organization in Boston, to spend over forty minutes in introducing me, or more exactly, in suggesting what would be an appropriate speech for me to give in the time that was, diminishingly, left over to me. He was a great administrator, and the legend is that when Bobby Kennedy thought we had some kind of an obligation to bring back the Bay of Pigs prisoners, without quite conceding that the United States was an official party to the ransom, it was Cardinal Cushing who put together the syndicate that put up the $50 million—all in a day's work.

But one regrets, I repeat, the image of him as a professional social worker who quite by accident found himself a prince of the Catholic Church. Because the testimony is universal from those who knew him that the Christian church, its *depositum fidei*, was the generator of his Christian energy. It is not right to suppose that if God were deposed, Richard Cushing would have spent his life other than usefully. But neither is it right to suppose that God played less than the principal role in governing the activities of this vibrant, angular, opinionated

Epitaph

Here lies Senator Goodell,
Victim of a switching spell.
If a switcheroo's your thing,
Check if someone's following.

W. H. VON DREELE

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gentleman, for whom not one moment's hesitation ever came from meditating the words of St. Paul, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and is faith also vain."

—WFB

Notes & Asides

■ MIKE WALLACE AT LARGE

Saturday, October 10, 1970 [Intact, from CBS-Radio]:

Mike Wallace at Large . . . for CBS News. Some bewildered comments on a message in the morning mail, in just a moment.

[COMMERCIAL]

A letter arrived at the Wallace house today—from a good lady friend of some years' standing. [A well-known syndicated columnist. —Ed.]

"Dear Mike" . . . it said . . . "It's stuffy of me, I know, but I hold my political convictions too dearly to dine at your house on the fourteenth."

Then she went on to apologize to my wife, and to tell me straight out that because I had done a television portrait of conservative columnist William F. Buckley on *Sixty Minutes* last week, a portrait she found offensive because it was not uncomplimentary, that she "could not share bread and wine" with me.

Buckley, she insisted, "appeals to the meanest prejudices of the meanest Americans. In an age that needs compassion and tolerance," she said, "he is cold and cruel."

"It saddens me," she went on, "to realize that we are back in the grim Joe McCarthy days."

There was a good deal more, of course, and it saddened me to read it for I value her friendship.

But her comment about the Joe McCarthy days made me wince. For those were days of panic for many in radio and television—as elsewhere—when patriotism was measured by some distinctly phony standards, when names were called, friendships busted, careers wrecked.

She knew that. Yet here was that lady tagging me with guilt by association because I failed to share her distaste for Bill Buckley. And failed to dramatize that distaste in my television piece.

Now first of all, that's not what the *Sixty Minutes* segment was all about. It was an effort to show the life-style of a vital and engaging, controversial and influential figure, a man of some texture who is neither monster nor saint. [Hey, how do *you* know?—Ed.] I think we did that.

But this lady insists that her religion is the true one. That her compassion, her tolerance, indeed her politics are the valid ones, and that somehow, someone who explores in other areas does so at the risk of falling from her grace.

And she is not alone by any means. More and more, one hears the trinity of Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell branded as purveyors of a profanation of Americanism. We are persuaded, by their detractors, that what they have in mind for America is little short of fascism.

Now, far be it from me to suggest that anyone, least of all the news media, refrain from comment, and indeed criticism of those three officials. On the issues, on their performance.

But to resort to mindless namecalling, accusations of wickedness, or meanness, or worse is destructive. It adds heat, not light, and drives the wedge ever deeper in our sadly split society. And no matter how they may infuriate their detractors, Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell are no more fascists or soft on fascism, as some suggest, than Truman, Stevenson and Acheson were soft on Communism.

We pride ourselves, we Americans, that we are a civilized people. And we like to point to our reliance on the democratic dialogue as the linchpin of that civilization. Namecalling by the lady in her letter, as by government officials in their public pronouncements, sinks that democratic dialogue to just about the level of a barroom brawl.

Now this.

[COMMERCIAL]

That's our report for today.

Mike Wallace at Large, on CBS Radio.

■ **The New York Times**
TIMES SQUARE

November 2, 1970

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I'm afraid I must enter a serious complaint about the slipshod quality of your theft of the *New York Times* front page [cover, Nov. 3 issue]. We really must insist that when other publications parody us, they live up to certain minimum professional standards.

I would appreciate it if you would point out to your editors the following errors:

The headlne over columns one and two contains no verb.

The second bank on column two is really messy. Hereafter, please follow style and make the bank after this type of headline the regulation inverted pyramid.

The headline over the Lindsay story is abominable. It should have been flush left and right.

The second line of the Taft headline did not fit. The headline and the banks on the Reagan story would have earned the writer an instant dismissal from the Hoboken College School of Journalism.

The second bank on column eight is slovenly.

There were numerous typographical errors in all of the stories. As you know, there are no typographical errors in the *New York Times*.

A. M. Rosenthal
Managing Editor

Dear Mr. Rosenthal: You were expecting maybe chimes? Regards,

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

GIVE UP?

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

It is a basic principle of Marxist-Leninist doctrine that "no ruling class ever yields power peacefully." Is this principle now about to be disproved in Chile? Is Chile's governing elite—the landowners, industrialists, merchants, bankers, military officers and upper clergy—going to quit without a fight? Is it ready to give up because a left-wing coalition won 36.3 per cent of the vote in a three-man election? Let me list some of the elements in the Chilean compound.

1) Everyone writes that Salvador Allende is "the first Marxist to be democratically elected a head of government." This way of putting it is incomplete and ambiguous. Nearly two-thirds of the voters opposed him; he beat his nearest opponent by fewer than forty thousand votes. He became president by getting a majority not of the democratic electorate but of the legislature. This was in accord with constitutional procedure, though not required by the constitution. We should therefore change the comment to read, "the first Marxist to be constitutionally chosen. . . ." But in that case the comment is not true. A Communist became head of the Czech government through constitutional procedures, and many Socialists—i.e., reformist Marxists—have been elected, democratically as well as constitutionally, to govern many nations.

2) Allende's party is called "Socialist," but he defines his own point of view as "Marxist-Leninist"—as revolutionary, that is to say, not socialist-reformist. He declares his particular admiration for the writings of Che Guevara and the deeds of Fidel Castro.

United Front and Revolution

3) Allende ran as candidate of a united front that included, besides his left-wing Socialist Party, the pro-Moscow Communist Party, the remnants of the old Radical Party, MAPU (a left splitoff from the Christian Democrats), along with a couple of grouplets.

4) Allende, who is personally literate and able, may thus see himself as master of the situation, in a position to use the Communists, in achieving his own avowed goal of a socialist Chile, by peaceful and democratic means.

5) However, the Communists are by far the strongest force in the coalition. From *their* point of view, Allende is not the master of the situation but the front man. The Chilean Communist Party is third in the non-Communist world, after the Italian and French parties. It is a faithful subject of the Kremlin, one of the few that gave immediate support to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Reciprocally, the Kremlin has given it massive and constant support. Chile is saturated with Soviet propaganda. The party's cadres are infiltrated into every area and level of Chilean society. They control the labor movement, abound in the media and governmental agencies, and have penetrated into business, especially banking. In the matter of who uses whom, there can be little doubt that Allende will be the used, not the user.

6) As in so many Western nations, the students have been going for revolution, especially in its romantic Maoist and Castroite versions. This helped bring about Allende's election, perhaps most of all by its demoralizing effect on the bourgeois parents of the revolutionary students.

7) The media, especially TV, have been pushing Chile toward revolution. There are three TV networks, one directly governmental, another operated by the national university, the third by the Catholic university. The staffs of all three are loaded with revolutionaries and fellow travelers.

8) The broadcasts of all three networks have been leftist, and those of the Catholic network the farthest to the left. "We will be further to the left than the [pro-Moscow] Communists, who, as always, will be too cautious," a left Catholic leader in the Allende coalition remarked recently to a French journalist.

9) In 1964 Eduardo Frei became president as candidate of the leftward-moving Christian Democrats. He promised a "third way," a social revolution that would be neither capitalist nor Communist. Allende's victory marks the collapse of the third way. Georges Albertini writes in *Est et Ouest*: "This third way ends in an impasse. It turns out to lead, not to freedom and justice, but to Communism. There are many reasons for this. The first is that this famous third way—the favorite dish of a certain sort of social Catholicism—is a pure and simple illusion. The second is that everything politically active in Latin American Catholicism (and sometimes elsewhere)—parties, priests, nuns, trade unions—limits all its blows to capitalism, employers, the bourgeoisie, tradition and Yankee imperialism. The result could be foreseen. By dint of talking about the revolution, Christian Democracy ends up by putting genuine revolutionaries into power."

Fiat Democracy, Ruat Coelum

10) The outcome, so far, is an impressive vindication of the orthodox line of the Kremlin: mass propaganda, demagogy, exploitation of every sort of discontent, infiltration and cell-building in all sectors of public life, with no concessions to senseless violence, adventurism, individualist terrorism, etc. The terror can come in due course, after the undermining, with the help of Allende and the left-wing Catholics, is sufficiently advanced.

11) A memory stirred. In the July 1932 election Adolf Hitler's percentage of the total vote was within one-tenth of a percentage point of Allende's total last month, and like Allende's, higher than that of any other contender. Six months later Hitler became chancellor in accord with the constitutional procedures of the Weimar Republic. The German antirevolutionaries, also, yielded peacefully. □

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ON DITCHING ISRAEL

As Charles Benson sees it, Russia holds all the trumps in the Middle East just now. Does that mean that Israel is lost? And that we'll be booted out of the Mediterranean? Not if . . . but read on for Mr. Benson's own modest solution

A Strategic Alternative?

CHARLES BENSON

STRATEGY is the mind of combat. The heart of combat—the courage, the vigor, the skill, the discipline, the blood and the lives of the men who carry out the fighting—is wasted, unless guided by an adequate strategic design. Our political and military leaders have therefore a profound moral obligation to conduct such wars as America must fight on a sound strategic basis.

In Korea we witnessed an American Army approaching a hostile border in such disarray that an ill-equipped land force reduced it to a rout. American soldiers died in large numbers because of immature strategic decision-making. In the later course of the war, we sat through a painful series of negotiations for more than a year while men were being killed every day. The outcome of the negotiations was to accept the *status quo ante* although we had expended enough men and materials to achieve a genuine victory.

In Vietnam, we have required American troops to fulfill assignments which are not military—or if military, are impossible. Instead of using our superiority to destroy the enemy in North Vietnam, and to deter the Chinese from intervening, we have wasted lives in a confused attempt to perform social surgery on the population of South Vietnam, while suffering losses at the hands of a well-armed, strongly motivated and well-trained enemy, who operates under cover of sympathizers among the local population, and from sanctuaries.

Unless we correct the erroneous formulations of policy and strategy which have led to these grisly comedies, we are condemned either to enact them again, or to withdraw from effective participation in world affairs.

Since 1947, our policy has been the policy of containment, and our strategy has been deterrence. It is the failure of deterrence as a strategy, with respect to guerrilla and other limited wars, which has been exhibited in Korea and Vietnam.

To deter limited war, we must inflict defeat, not stalemate, on the local powers that are serving as pawns for Russia and China. America has the power to do this, and we have always had that power. Our problem has been the lack of a *secondary deterrence*, supplementing our massive nuclear deterrence, by which we could deter the major Communist powers from coming to the aid of their revolutionist pawns, and thus threatening escalation into nuclear conflict. It is this potential threat which has *deterred America* from winning limited wars.

The Russian Takeover

By their indirect approach, using the hostility of the Arabs for Israel as the basic dynamic of the move, the Russians are now in the process of taking over the Arab world as a strategic position. While the government of Libya agrees to a pact giving Russia air and sea bases on the eastern Mediterranean coast, the government of Algeria contemplates the possibility of giving the Russians a naval base in the western Mediterranean. In the present trend of events, eventually there will be Russian missile installations and special forces across North Africa. NATO will be flanked. And this will be accomplished without a major conventional confrontation between Russia and the United States, because the Sixth Fleet cannot counter modern weapons on its flank while confined in a narrow sea.

Nothing within present American polistrategy can cope with this tide of events. If we tell the Russians we are going to blow them up, and suffer the consequences ourselves because they are leasing a submarine base from Algeria, or shipping AK-47s to Al Fatah, they won't believe us. Our strategy of deterrence, as applied to the containment of Russian exploitation of the eastern Mediterranean crisis for expansionist purposes, is bankrupt.

The crisis is deepening. The pattern of events interrupted by the ceasefire seemed to be tending toward a prolonged period of heightened violence, much more dangerous to Israel than another spasm war in which Israeli forces could demonstrate their superiority. Attrition is the Arab strategy, and attrition is potentially fatal to Israel.

The Russians are not completely in control of the situation in Egypt, and even less are they in control in Syria, Lebanon and Jordan. New leaders in Egypt and Syria, a shaken Hussein, the possibility of a guerrilla uprising in Lebanon or a repeat in Jordan, all represent potential sources of instability in Russian control processes. And their only control over Israel is the threat of escalating force. As they have shown repeatedly, the Israelis are capable of decisive independent action when force escalates.

American diplomacy allowed the Russian presence to progress to the point where even a partial withdrawal by the Russians would be too humiliating for them to accept. If we had further diplomatic suggestions of substance to offer, the time to offer them was before the introduction of SA-3s. Instead of allowing the Israelis to batter Egypt so effectively that Nasser was forced to plead for Russian intervention, we could have advanced our ninety-day ceasefire proposal in early 1970.

This is so obviously the case that one

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is led to suspect that frictions within the American Government contributed to the delay. The peace proposal evidently was not ready early in 1970 and it is possible to wonder why. Could it be that a somewhat hawkish and pro-Israel Kissinger at first opposed submission of the proposals because of the then ascendant success of the Israeli bombing campaign? And that a somewhat pro-Arab Sisco realized that the content of the proposals, especially the ceasefire, would be even more valuable to the Arabs after the Russians had promised new weapons and a deeper involvement? In any event, the proposals were not submitted until the moment of Israeli advantage was lost.

It was into an environment of hopelessness that the American peace proposals were injected. They were typical American proposals. We requested a ninety-day ceasefire. There have been ceasefires in the Middle East since the days of Trygve Lie, and the shooting has not stopped yet. We requested a return to operational status of the UN peace delegation under Gunnar Jarring. This man served well, but his touch is that of a professional negotiator, not a magician. We requested a return almost to the January 1967 boundaries. But in the Six-Day War, Israel quadrupled the strategic depth of her defenses. A MiG-17 gives nearly twenty minutes warning from Port Said, less than five minutes from Gaza. This fact could easily be the difference between life and death to Israel. Finally, we proposed that in return for the transfer of territory—and our proposal explicitly acknowledges the possibility that not all the territory will be returned—the Arab nations must recognize the independent state of Israel. For the guerrilla leaders, such a step was unthinkable even if the formally constituted leaders were to accept.

After the ceasefire was violated within the first few hours of the first day, and the Israeli delegate walked out of the peace talks on the second, the Russians came up with a peace proposal of their own. They suggested that a combined Russian/American force occupy a zone between the combatants and keep them apart.

The land perimeter of pre-1967 Israel was about six hundred miles. In expanding to the Jordan in the east and the Suez Canal in the west, Israel has actually shortened its land boundaries to less than four hundred miles. At thirty miles to the division, we are talking about between 200,000 and 300,000 men. As a blocking force, this would be high; but as a total seal, it would be minimal.

And another difficulty: someone has to decide what border this force is to occupy. The pre-1967 border? The present line, giving the Sinai, the West Bank and the Golan Heights to Israeli? Answering a question like that by negotiation could easily take thirty years.

Present discussion trends toward the idea of awarding the Palestinian guerrillas an independent state of their own. A problem naturally arises as to how one could carve an additional independent nation out of the present jigsaw puzzle of sovereign minutiae in the region. The West Bank area has been suggested, but

it is difficult to imagine Israel accepting such an arrangement without a general settlement. It seems more likely that the Palestinians will carve themselves a state out of Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, and that they will cause quite a ruckus as they do so.

The ceasefire has given the Egyptians time to install an adequate air defense along the Canal. Israeli air superiority over the Canal and the artillery and other installations immediately to the west of it is lost. Under these conditions, massed artillery and aerial bombardment can pulverize Israeli defenses along the Canal, and the border can be breached. The war of attrition will enter a new phase, bloodier to Israel and more dangerous to the United States.

Under such conditions, why should Israel reopen the negotiations? Good faith is simply not present. President Nixon and other Administration officials have assured Israel that equality of force will be preserved. Yet it is difficult to see how this can be accomplished. The Russian missile sites are essentially mobile; they could be redeployed in a single night, if Russian technicians were coordinating the effort.

Ditch WHOM?

For many years in the Department of State there has been a "ditch Israel" theory, which goes somewhat like this:

The Arabs are a mutually suspicious and even hostile lot, whose only effective unifying force is a common hatred of Israel. Suppose therefore that we were to forget Israel, allow the Russians to arm the Arabs with superior weapons, and let them sputter along until they burn Israel to the ground. The Russians would then be faced with an Arab world lacking a common hatred, hence lacking a drive to unity, or any substantial motive to grant special consideration to Russians. Thus the Russians would inherit all the problems of Arab disunity, aggravated by poverty, xenophobia and whatever else; and their strategic drive for domination of the Arab world would fail.

The theory fails on several counts.

First, it really amounts to wishing that Israel would go away. Israel won't. There will in such a course of events be prolonged and desperate fighting, during which many Americans will sympathize with Israel. Well-organized publicity campaigns will be launched, with considerable political effect. A rational estimate must admit at least an even chance that, if we started out to pursue this hands-off policy, eventually we would change our course and go in to protect Israel.

Even supposing that we did not, it is clear that the Arabs are bent on genocide. To prevent this, we would be forced to plead for Jewish lives, to offer terms amounting to ransom, and to offer transport and resettlement in order to get them out. We would thus fall heir to some two million Jewish refugees, an outcome which might not appear attractive even to advocates of the "ditch Israel" theory.

Further, the supposed disunity of the Arabs after an immense victory over Israel is a dream. The course of the war, as in most wars, would contain elements of social revolution. After the victory we might expect an effusion of pro-Rus-

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sian feeling and Arab nationalism, likely issuing in the outright conquest by the United Arab Republic of the oil-rich states still retaining traditional forms of government. At this stage Russia would have strategically enveloped Turkey and Iran, and her chances of attaining a dominant position in the entire Middle East would be excellent.

And even if this projection should prove incorrect, it is not necessarily the Russian objective to conquer or even to dominate the Arab world. Their objective may be limited to gaining the strategic use of Arab lands.

The American peace proposals come a great deal closer to ditching Israel than the Nixon Administration cares to admit. The initial step—the ninety-day ceasefire—has been accepted and abused. At a minimum, the abuse already consists of establishing an effective Egyptian air defense in close support of the Suez Canal positions. A more ambitious abuse might extend Russian air defense to Syria and perhaps even to Jordan, depending upon the roles and cooperation of governments and guerrillas. A really aggressive abuse might include the introduction of Russian surface-to-surface rockets to extend the coverage of the massed heavy artillery that they have already deployed. Behind even the minimum system, the Egyptians could pound the Israeli Canal positions until they drove them back into the Sinai, and then draw Israeli attacks with a slow meat-grinder advance across the desert.

But the Russians and Egyptians, having established the basis for such a move, may feel secure enough to proceed with negotiations toward Israeli withdrawal, and recognition of Israel as an independent Jewish state. As long as America does not intervene, the violent alternative will remain for their exploitation at any time.

And herein may lie the key to the decision to accept the American peace proposals. The decision was a Russian one, imposed on Nasser after prolonged secret negotiations. The question therefore arises as to what strategic advantages the Russians may have seen as resulting from acceptance of, at least, the ceasefire.

It is now clear that, during the negotiations with Nasser, the Russians were also negotiating with the Libyan leaders, and that the results of these negotiations give Russia naval and air bases in Libya. From air installations at Adem (near Tobruk) and the former Wheelus Air Force Base (Tripoli) Russian advanced interceptors such as the MiG-23 could dominate the carrier-borne aircraft of our Sixth Fleet. Since the F-111B has been scrapped, we have no naval aircraft that can compete with this fighter. With air superiority lost, our Sixth Fleet carrier forces will become sitting ducks for the Styx and other missiles, as well as vulnerable to attack from land-based Soviet aircraft. The simple truth is that two or three years from now we will have to get out of the eastern Mediterranean, retiring west of Sicily, if matters come to a crunch on the basis of conventional armaments.

Unlike the Arabs and the Israelis, the Russians are not caught in a time-bind with respect to this move. If the ceasefire can be extended, and the negotiation prolonged for years, so much the better as far as they are concerned. This will give them time to make the required buildups without sudden and drastic moves, thus minimizing the probability of a violent American reaction.

So that if the Russians and Egyptians can keep the lid on the guerrillas, Israel will survive for a few more years; but next time around, American aid will not be forthcoming. Under such circumstances, not even a perfected deliverable A-bomb is likely to protect Israel.

Doomed Peace Moves

The American peace proposals were directed first to the achievement of a ceasefire, and then to the establishment of a new détente between Israel and Egypt. As usual, the diplomats believe that if a post-hostilities phase of negotiations, no matter how tenuously based, can be introduced, then the ceasefire can be extended indefinitely, allowing the conflicting negotiators gradually to work their way around and through the difficulties.

The trouble with this view is that the conflict is now in a phase of increasing momentum, rather than either a late-hostility sputtering phase or a pre-hostility phase of undefined intent. The immediate establishment of SA-2s and SA-3s in the truce zone demonstrates as much. Our opportunity to defuse the conflict before it started is past.

Henry Kissinger has publicly spoken of "expelling" the Russians from Egypt. President Nixon has repeatedly assured Prime Minister Meir that America does not intend to allow Israel to suffer a military disaster. During the Jordanian crisis he backed up his words with a substantial show of force. There must be some intention on the part of the Administration to intervene if the going gets rough. The question therefore arises as to what forms such intervention might take.

Conventionally the mildest, but in this case the least likely form of intervention, is the blockade. The Russian buildup of weapons and supplies in Egypt is in full swing. It must be expected to continue, regardless of promises, through the ceasefire period. If the ceasefire breaks down, there will be very little left for a blockade to stop. A glance at the map shows that for a blockade to be effective, we would have to blockade half of America and parts of Asia as well.

A less direct and potentially more successful form of intervention is simply to continue supplying Israel with weapons, carrying on what amounts to an escalating arms race in the region. This policy may lead to the provision of limited numbers of personnel, on an informal or possibly a Military Assistance Groups basis, because of the training requirements on some of the more advanced systems. As in the DMZ area of Vietnam, the more armaments we pour into this tiny land, the greater percentage of its surface will be transformed into a moonscape.

Beyond an escalating arms race, the most likely form of intervention has already in part been seen. As the forward element of our force in the region, the Sixth Fleet will hover over the scene while intelligence experts, diplomats, defense personnel, chiefs of staff and Mr. Kissinger argue back and forth over

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what should be done (if anything). Mobile elements of Army and Marine Corps will be kept in a quasi-ready status. When the battle breaks against Israel, we will initiate intervention by providing air support to supplement Israeli forces, avoiding Russian installations like the plague even though they are inflicting casualties. As the military situation worsens, we will continue to put diplomatic pressure on the Russians to stop the war. The Russians will be unable to control their puppets or unwilling to let them down. As the Marines reach position to make a landing, we will reach a last-minute decision either to land or not to land. Thus we will have gummed our way into a confused crisis of undefined intensity, in which all the crisp criteria of Mr. Kissinger's contingency plans will have become hopelessly muddled.

Options, Anyone?

A more vigorous and decisive policy would be to come formally to the aid of Israel: instead of blundering into intervention, to come right out and intervene in direct response to Russian intervention, before their Libyan position can be solidified. The assumption here would have to be that the Americans and Russians, to avoid escalation into nuclear war, would develop tacit rules of limitation; in this case probably amounting to Russia confining its efforts to air defense, air and artillery support, and not bringing either ground forces or surface-to-surface missiles to bear; while Americans would strictly limit themselves to fleet air operations and land forces based in Israel only, none of them being used to invade Arab states, and primarily confining themselves to support roles.

But a large number of Arabs dwell in Israel and in the occupied territories. The Palestinian refugees are encamped just outside the borders, and on the West Bank. Hence we have a "peoples' war" setting, in which externally supported guerrillas can conceal themselves among a sympathetic population, engaging in terrorism, sabotage and more extensive operations as opportunity permits. Perhaps we would win, beat back the Russians and Egyptians, and put down the guerrilla movement, even gaining a favorable peace. But we would not accomplish this without heavy losses, and such a peace would last only so long as it might take the Arabs, with Russian aid, to rebuild.

Aside from the pessimism of this outlook, there are problems on an entirely different plane. Once again we would have subjected American troops to the strain of defending themselves and others against an unseen enemy, expecting them to suffer casualties without engaging in retaliation. Our armed forces are thoroughly sick of this by now, and so are the young people who stand liable to serve. Israel at most will have gained time; America will have nothing to show but losses.

The Russians would come out of such an American "victory" with a solidified mastery of the Arab world, giving them strategic control of Arab oil. They would extend this control to the Persian Gulf within a few years. In Russian hands, the Middle East would be the strategic key to Africa and southern Asia, and quite probably to the breakup of NATO. The position is too important to be abandoned, aside from commitments to Israel.

An American leader or policymaker who abandons the Middle East as a position will rightly be credited with signaling our retreat to a strategically hopeless Fortress America position. But there can be no Fortress America while ICBMs exist. Our position must remain forward, and Russian expansion must be coped with where it occurs. An "era of negotiations" means nothing less than a new cycle of giveaways.

Containment—Only If

Under the changed realities of the coming decade, the policy of containment which was formulated in the spring of 1947 is no longer feasible unless America radically changes the strategic basis upon which that policy is to be effected.

The net effect of parity is to allow both superpowers a much wider latitude of hostile action on a conventional level, for two opposing reasons: The Russians are willing to take greater risks because their new-found equality of nuclear force gives them something approaching a first-strike capability; the Americans are for the first time fearful that the Russians might actually go all the way in a nuclear confrontation and therefore are faced with the flat choice between stiffening conventional responses or facing strategic collapse. The concept of "parity" has inevitably led to a situation of higher risk.

A successful polistrategy for the blocking of events such as the indirect expansion of Russian power through the Arab world must therefore be new and drastically different from our current polistrategy. We must accept the indirect expansionism of the Communist powers as an enduring reality, not to be warded off by negotiations, and we must devise a polistrategy to counter it. The strategic counterpart to a continuing policy of containment is the development of a non-nuclear threat of substantial effect, sufficient to deter the Russians.

Such a threat clearly must arise, not from an increase in our conventional force, which is already prodigious, but from a change in basic policy, so as to give that force effect. In order to gain greatest effect from the application, or threatened application, of our conventional force, America must discontinue its artificial and sterile abstinence from resort to aggressive war. If such a change in policy were to be consummated the strategic means are available.

Suppose, rather than attacking the Russians directly, or sending American troops to die for the sake of Israel, or waiting around until the Russians (using Arab bodies) actually attack Israel before we decide just what we are going to do, we were to take Libya. Destroy the offending bases before they are developed, seize Libya by military force, occupy it, and if necessary drive or transport the roughly two million inhabitants of that "nation" into Egypt.

In the course of so momentous a step, there would be hot-line communication between the heads of government, in which our President would make the seriousness of our purpose clear to the Russians, and deny any intention of expanding the action into a strategic move against Russia herself.

The Russians, in the real event, are not ready for a nuclear first strike against America. They will not initiate one unless 1) they are convinced that we are about to initiate a first strike against them or 2) a shooting war with conventional weapons between the two superpowers escalates. The Russians firmly believe in the probability of such escalation. Hence the overwhelming likelihood that in the event of a major military commitment on our part in a new area they will do anything except start shooting at our ships. Such a major conventional commitment is actually less likely to invite a nuclear attack than standing off and using an implied nuclear threat in an attempt to "expel" the Russians from Egypt.

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Russia would unquestionably go to the UN with charges of aggressive war and genocide. The matter would be taken up in the Assembly, and the United States would take a drubbing in the propaganda battles on the floor. But there is one thing that the member states will not do: They will not expel the United States from the organization, because if they were to do this, the UN would cease to exist.

Disruptions in the UN would make for a lot of news coverage, and it would seemingly be to the detriment of the United States. But there are two senses in which it would be to our advantage. First, it would give the Russians a façade to hide behind, their leadership in the floor fights for anti-American resolutions obscuring the fact that they had been unprepared to oppose us. As after Cuba 2, they would represent their restraint as evidence of their peaceful intent, and would insist upon being commended for it. Second, as the debates progressed, members would become more aware that despite their outrage they could do nothing. Without the U.S. the UN cannot exist.

This is not to deny that the Russians will make countermoves. Russian surface-to-surface rockets and firing teams will very likely go to Egypt and shoot at us; but they will not be nuclear-tipped rockets, and the Russians will be careful to claim that the Egyptians did it.

Thus the immediate Middle Eastern crisis will be resolved. But the strategic effects of such an action will echo far beyond the Middle East. America will then have a realistic opportunity to demand the cut-off of Russian support to North Vietnam, making victory a conceivable outcome for the South Vietnamese forces after Vietnamization is complete. Even more important, we will have a realistic opportunity to come to some advantageous resolution in the SALT talks, since we will have shown ourselves not to be quite the patsies the Russians believe we are. They are fully aware of our capacity to develop and quickly deploy more destructive nuclear weapons.

The proposed seizure of Libya is a limited aggression, involving fewer people than in Vietnam, but in strategic effect it will outweigh the Vietnamese war manifold.

First, to look at the immediate question which occasions the proposed move, consider the new position of Israel. Instead of being completely alone in the Middle East, she will have an ally on the opposite border of her most powerful enemy. America posing the greater threat, Egypt will be forced to withdraw attention from aggression against Israel, and place it upon defense against the United States. Further, the internal Arab population of Israel will have had a grim alternative brought to its attention: forcible expulsion. It is certain that many non-Jews in Israel would like to stay there. A new awareness of what might be in store for them should make them less willing to support guerrillas, more willing to inform.

Second, consider the broader strategic balance between the United States and the Soviet Union. America will have a new position in the Middle East, Africa and the Mediterranean. Any Soviet threat to Western Europe will have to take into consideration this new position. Indeed any aggressiveness toward Western Europe or even Central Europe will be susceptible to an entirely new leverage. We could threaten to place nuclear-tipped missiles in Libya. Of course, we might have promised not to; but the potential threat of breaking that promise should give the Russians something to think about whenever they feel like heating up the Berlin issue, or invading Rumania. It is thus not merely a question of actual strategic threats which might be posed by our possession of Libya; it is a question of having a leverage in Eurasian and African affairs that our planners and diplomats have never had before. Specifically, for example, we will be able to forestall the Persian Gulf blowup that everyone expects within a few years.

Third, the acquisition of Libya will for the first time give the United States an alternative to NATO. There is some indication that NATO is now in the incipient stages of a breakup. If this occurs, there will be no military counter to Russian expansion in Europe short of all-out nuclear war. Our position in Libya could be used as a staging and base area from which to expand, or to threaten expansion, into further regions of Africa and the Middle East, as well as Eastern Europe. This would serve as a counterthreat to Russian potential expansion in Europe, the Middle East and the Indian Ocean.

Fourth, more narrowly, America will be the dominant power in the Mediterranean. Our distant seat of power . . . the continental United States . . . will be invulnerable in terms of Mediterranean affairs, yet it will be immediately present in these affairs. American power will be applicable not at the discretion of the latest Italian coalition, but as an instrument of the American government. This fact will utterly change international affairs throughout the Mediterranean region. Specifically, it will prevent the growth of an alliance between Russia and the Maghreb powers.

Fifth, consider the economic results for the United States. The territory, of nearly three-quarters of a million square miles, contains extensive natural resources, including oil. The oil resources are already being developed. These resources will provide actual cash with which indirectly to defray the expenses of the expedition. Instead of an aftermath of pure loss, we will have acquired important new sources of revenue, extending the base for our continued economic growth. This new economic power, and especially the oil, would increase our economic leverage in Europe, while decreasing that of the Soviet Union and the Middle Eastern states. The development of this territory could in part be government financed, and could contribute to an economically healthy solution to our growing unemployment and welfare problems.

Sixth, consider the effect on the Soviet Union, with regard to the future support of insurrectionary movements. Their attempt to export revolution will have resulted in the strategic collapse of the structure which they had hoped to build, and in the creation of a new strategic balance which is entirely to their disadvantage. Before they engage in similar enterprises in Africa, South America or elsewhere, they will be forced to consider not only the new strategic balance which our acquisition of Libya has created, but the probable establishment of a further change in strategic balance should America devise a similar countermove in the new region under consideration. For the first time, they would be faced with a deterrent measure specifically aimed at the prevention of their support for third parties in limited wars against the United States or our allies.

Finally, the entire world would be faced with a new factor in strategic calculations. The United States will have engaged in territorial expansion by aggressive war. Just as the Soviets made a point in Czechoslovakia, we will have made a point in Libya, and no one will ever forget it. □

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LETTER FROM LA PAZ

Bolivia: Friend or Foe?

SELDEN RODMAN

BOLIVIA has always been a country of personalities rather than parties, and this is just as true in our time of social revolutions as it was in the century of *caudillos* that succeeded Bolívar. General Hilarión Daza, who was in command at La Paz when Chile seized Bolivia's seacoast in 1879, reputedly failed to react in time because he neglected to transfer the unopened telegram containing this bad news to the pocket of a domino costume from Paris which he had just donned to participate in a weekend masquerade.

The Bolivian social revolution of 1952, that nationalized tin and gave land to the peasants, capsized because one of its two leaders found reckless bravery no substitute for diplomacy and the other succumbed to old-fashioned fiscal corruption. Their successor, and General Ovando's predecessor, General René Barrientos, survived (until he sideslipped his helicopter into a power line) because his *machismo* endeared him to the *campesinos*: His diversion of state funds to personal extravaganzas counted for nothing beside his jovial acknowledgements of paternity when confronted by his many peasant mistresses, or his leap from a plane to prove that at least *one* of his paratroopers' chutes was capable of opening. During Che Guevara's ill-conceived invasion, the Bolivian saying was that the only *sure* way of defeating the Communists would be to give them Bolivia and watch them die of indigestion.

WHEN OVANDO TOOK OVER shortly after Barrientos' death two years ago, three options were open to him. He could have held elections—tantamount to suicide in Bolivia. He could have steered to the right of center as Barrientos had, using the army to hold the tin miners and the leftist students in check while continuing to develop Bolivia's oil and natural gas resources with the help of Gulf Oil; but lacking Barrientos' charisma, such a course would almost certainly have precipitated another revolution. Finally, Ovando could make common cause with the moderate Left and seize the "imperialistic" oil company as General Velasco in Peru had just done.

The question is: Why, having taken the third course, did Ovando fail to win the popularity of Velasco? Why did he oust from his cabinet Alberto Bailey and Marcelo Quiroga, the most radical of the Young Turks, eight months after the expropriation? And why was he now, at the time of my visit, announcing a $78-million compensation of Gulf to be paid off in future oil-sale royalties? Was American aid ($300 million since 1958 and still amounting to $20 million in this year of the expropriation) that important to him? Perhaps. But probably more crucial was the fact that not a gallon of oil had been exported since Gulf left; that an effort to get a Spanish company to operate the wells and continue the explorations had been a flop ("One Spanish imperialist is worse than twenty Americans," a leftist admitted to me); and that only Gulf's California refineries were ready to use the high-grade Bolivian petroleum. More crucial still, however, Bolivia's armed forces had neither the muscle nor the prestige of Peru's. Humbled twice by revolutions (in '46 and '52), Bolivia's officers had no stomach for another purge by the Left. They accepted the nationalization of Gulf. But had Ovando failed to remove his two socialistic cabinet ministers—and the left-leaning army commander (Juan Torres) who had sided with them—the other generals would have removed him.

First some observations about tin and oil, around which everything in Bolivia swirls. The billoinaire Patiños, who once treated Bolivia as a private family fief, still control the world market where tin now sells for $1.60 a pound while Bolivia's dwindling supply of the metal—which costs Bolivia $1.45 to dig *by hand* in noisome tunnels at a debilitating thirteen-thousand-foot altitude, as compared to 85 cents in Southern Asia where it is dredged from the surface—is almost a total loss to the nation's economy. When the government took over the major tin mines in 1952 the miners' increased wages had to be subsidized by the state, and even greater featherbedding demands by the powerful union priced Bolivian tin out of competition. If the mines were closed, they say, Oruro, Bolivia's second city, would starve to death.

But if tin represents the incubus of Bolivia's terrible past, doesn't oil represent its promising future? Couldn't oil and natural gas more than make up for the foreign-exchange revenues traditionally supplied by silver and tin? So why was Gulf so vulnerable?

It was the old story: businessmen with the sensibilities of aardvarks, nonexistent public relations. Technically Gulf did everything right—found the deposits, started building the Pacific pipeline, tripled the going wage rates. Psychologically it acted stupidly. It published its own newspaper and paid discredited right-wing professors to support its policies. It built a country club none of its three thousand Bolivian laborers could afford to join. It set up no public relations office at all. I was told by Marcelo Quiroga that when he was Petroleum Minister he had offered to sell oil exclusively to Gulf in compensation for the nationalized wells: "Mr. Brock answered from their New York office: 'We won't buy *our* oil from you. And we'll do everything in our power to stop anyone else from buying it from you.'" "I'm not saying whether Gulf was right or wrong in refusing that kind of compensation," an American embassy official told me, "It's the arrogance of the reference to 'our' oil that makes one despair."

QUIROGA AND BAILEY, the two ousted leftist ministers, talked with me in La Paz. Both are attractive young men, do not consider themselves Marxists, and like Americans. Bailey's father was an American tin-mining engineer from Minnesota who lived in Bolivia 47 years. Quiroga was awarded our Faulkner Prize for a novel several years ago.

I asked Quiroga how the U.S. could help Bolivia. "In many ways," he said. "We need mineral smelters to develop a steel and allied metals industry. Your government has never lent money to us to help us develop our own resources. The aid you give us for roads has to be paid back into U.S. pockets The outflow of dollars is always greater than the inflow. Your government must realize that other countries want to decide on their own manner of growth. Let me give you

(Continues on page 1227)

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RUSSELL KIRK

THE SCRANTON REPORT

FROM THE ACADEMY

Let me begin by writing something friendly about the notorious report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest (much of which was intended to damage the President to whom the Commission reported). Critics have overlooked one cheerful byproduct of this report: It means the end of the political career of Mr. William Scranton. No one ever is going to ask him to take charge of anything again. With a chum like Scranton, who needs enemies?

Also the work of this Commission ought to make us aware that we need to get up yet another Presidential commission: the President's Commission on the Vices of Presidential Commissions. Now that the Kerner Commission on Urban Disorders has betrayed President Johnson, the Scranton Commission has inflamed tempers, and the Pornography Commission has done its work on behalf of the pornographers' lobby, it should be interesting to inquire, for instance, what sort of "researchers" hang about Washington to obtain appointment to the staffs of these strange ephemeral bodies; what ill-wishers persuade Presidents to authorize commissions that work the undoing of Presidents; and what members of the executive force choose the commissions' members and recommend their staffs.

The only person of real talent on the Scranton Commission was Mr. Erwin Canham, of the *Christian Science Monitor*—and he is scarcely conspicuous as an authority on campus unrest. There were many people of varying political views who might have been appointed to such a commission on the basis of established reputation in the field: Professors Seymour Martin Lipset, Sidney Hook, Jacques Barzun and Lewis S. Feuer, for some; such university and college presidents as Edward Levi and S. I. Hayakawa; such molders of public opinion as Irving Kristol and James R. Wiggins. But such gentlemen were lucky if fragmentary testimony was obtained from them.

Consider this recommendation, from the Report: "The university, and particularly the faculty, must recognize that the expansion of higher education and the emergence of the new youth culture have changed the makeup and concerns of today's student population. The university should adapt itself to these new conditions."

What a muddle of notions! Certainly much improvement could be made in the "teaching programs" of the average institution of higher learning—but scarcely by adapting to the "new youth culture." The university is not a place for diverting the rising generation by a subsidized emulation of the "youth culture"—or anticulture—that has arisen out of commercial television, rock records and marijuana. Indeed, the university is not a place for pandering to "youth" at all. Universities are centers for the acquiring of *maturity*. We do not stay young; we cannot live as adults with a "youth culture." To transcend "youth culture" is the reason why the better students, at least, presumably have enrolled in college and university.

Such contradictions run through the whole shallow Report. Its authors exhort us to subsidize massively "black colleges and universities"; yet at the same time, massively to recruit black (and other "minority") students for "formerly all-white universities." How nice to have our cake and eat it!

One scarcely would guess from this Report that colleges and universities are supposed to nourish the life of the mind: There runs through it the assumption of the ethos of sociability, the barbarous error that souls are saved—or respectability guaranteed—by the acquiring of sheepskins. Get everybody into college, and make life easy for everybody there, and conform American foreign policy to the undergraduate mood of the moment, and compel the Great White Father in Washington to spend half his time apologizing for himself at "a series of national meetings designed to foster understanding among those who are now divided"—thus will peace be restored to the campus.

Upon the fundamental reason for disorder in the academy, the authors of this Report scarcely touch, except in this one sentence about alienated students: "They seek a community of companions and scholars but find an impersonal multiversity." Just so. And is this resentment at becoming no more than a business-machine number at Behemoth U. to be remedied by vastly increasing enrollments? Does one restore academic community and academic purpose by new appropriations for bricks and mortar or by devising feeble curricula sufficiently imbecile to guarantee degrees for even the most bored and incompetent students?

WHY IS THE CAMPUS VIOLENT? Why, friends, because—here in America, as in Japan or India or most of Europe—we have "recruited" to the campus a great mass of young people who either have no interest in the abstractions with which genuine colleges and universities necessarily are concerned, or else who have obtained no proper preparation for higher studies. The bored and the intellectually rootless turn to disorder as a relief from books and lectures. The ending of the war in Indochina would make no difference at all, except that the abolishing of conscription might drain away from colleges some young men for whom the campus is sanctuary from military service.

When we improve primary and secondary schooling; when we make it possible for young people to find white-collar employment, or to join the country club, without holding academic degrees; when we stop thinking of the academy as a melting-pot, and return to thinking of it as a place for the cultivation of right reason—then unrest will subside, as enrollment subsides. But the President's Commission had neither the intelligence nor the courage to suggest any reform of that sort. □

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Adventure in Honesty

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh
Harcourt, 1,038 pp., $12.95

The wartime journals of Charles Lindbergh, minus certain sections that were omitted because they were repetitive or unimportant, have been published as they were written, even to an occasional slip of grammar. Despite the deletions, the result is a whopping adventure in honesty that will prove tremendously important to historians anxious to capture the tonality of a time. It is also a wise and intimate portrait of one of our great contemporary families. If General Lindbergh had been content to leave it at that, the reviews and commentaries would surely have dealt with the work as one of the more important memoirs of an epoch. But Lindbergh, who is always candid when he chooses to speak at all, had the effrontery to preface his book with a statement that his conclusions about the war had not changed in 25 years. In order to defeat Germany and Japan, he says, we supported the "still greater menaces of Russia and China—which now confront us in a nuclear-weapon era." Though we "won the war in a military sense . . . in a broader sense it seems to me we lost it."

This cool assessment which Lindbergh shared with Bob Taft and Herbert Hoover was a red flag to the *New York Times* and to a number of Jewish organizations that have yet to absorb the fact that Lindbergh's third trip to Nazi Germany was made entirely on behalf of the Jews. The idea, as set forth by Ambassador Hugh Wilson and described in a still unpublished book by Colonel Truman Smith, was to let Lindbergh go to his fellow aviator Hermann Goering with a plan for permitting Jews to emigrate from Germany with enough money to start life in a new country. Goering, it was forlornly hoped, would see the commonsense, if not the humanity, of the proposition and would be able to persuade Hitler that this would solve the "Jewish problem." As his diary attests, Lindbergh's admiration for the Germans was "constantly being dashed" by their anti-Jewish behavior; he wanted sincerely to end the German "unreason," which seemed to him to contradict the traditional Teutonic love of order.

In the late Thirties I thought Lindbergh made excellent sense. He had seen the German aircraft factories and had flown the German planes, and he knew that the British and the French would be no match for the constantly improving Nazi war machine. He kept telling his English friends (he was living in England at the time) that "the contrast between an English aircraft factory and an American or German factory is un-understandable." His words had no more effect on Englishmen than "spray on a rock." No pacifist, Lindbergh hoped to stall off a European conflict at least until England and France could change their psychologies and build up enough strength to fight. Munich was defensible as a time-buying operation. And when the war finally came over Poland, a country which England was unable to help, it made sense to argue that America, in its 1939 state of preparedness, would not be able to affect the issue.

Where did Lindbergh's thinking go wrong? It erred in assuming that Adolf Hitler was a rational man, or at least a man who would listen to his General Staff. Lindbergh could not foresee that Hitler would be sufficiently stupid to plunge the Germans into a two-front nightmare with logistical problems that no genius could possibly solve.

Lindbergh surely has an arguable point when he says that in a "broader sense" we lost the war. But it was our political leaders who messed things up, not the military men. If Patton had not been called back he could have beaten the Russians to Prague. Eisenhower and Montgomery could have been the first to Berlin. To this day General Wedemeyer insists that if a second front had been opened in 1943 instead of 1944, the Germans would have been unable to pull back fast enough from deep within Russia to save themselves in the West. Wedemeyer thinks we could have moved far enough and quickly enough to reach the Balkans and Poland before the Communists could have gotten there. And there is the possibility that if Roosevelt and Churchill had not insisted on unconditional surrender, the anti-Hitler assassination plot would have succeeded. As for the loss of China to the Maoists, that was another political mistake. Maybe the prevalence of the fellow traveler point of view among Roosevelt's closest advisers made the postwar westward surge of Communism inevitable. This is

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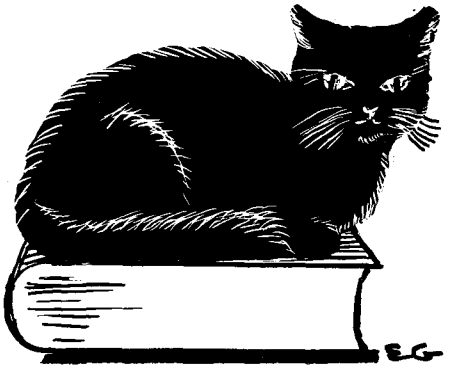
something Lindbergh, who was no authority on the mind of Harry Hopkins, does not touch upon. If he had, the *New York Times* would probably have hit him with two tons of bricks instead of one.

THE FUROR over the Lindbergh introductory remarks has tended to obscure the remarkable literary quality of the diary itself. What we have here is an amazingly sensitive self-portrait of a man who regrets the part that aviation, his own special subject, has played in destroying wildness and beauty in the world. It was the poetry and adventure of flying, not its commercial or military aspects, that gripped the young Charles Lindbergh. The diary abounds with passages that are as good as anything written by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, which is saying a good deal. Retracing some of the air routes in the American Southwest which he had surveyed in the late Twenties and early Thirties, Lindbergh says he felt every oil well and road as an intruder on his old solitude, "a rash spreading slowly over the earth's surface." "I wonder," he wrote, "if there will someday be a reaction sweeping it away again, if the forests will grow again like a new coat of fur in fall. Or will man and earth eventually adjust to one another, supplementing each other, the beauty and character of each gaining from the other?"



When Roosevelt was a sick man Lindbergh remarked on the President's "routine tone that one seems to get when the mind is dulled by too much and too frequent conversation." And the diary takes a quick jump from politics to real philosophical insight when Lindbergh speaks of the wrong done to "any one of the senses when it is overused . . . hearing, when the music never changes; touch, when one's hand is never lifted." Later Lindbergh speaks of being careful "not to dull the senses by overwork. . . . One must avoid that practical, logical, material, mineral-like outlook of the man who knows nought but action as the answer to everything in life."

Again and again it is the sense of beauty that dominates the diary. Lindbergh was all business in the Pacific when, though a civilian, he insisted on taking an active part in bombing and strafing the Japanese. But in the midst of war he pauses to rescue a frigate bird from the barbed wire, or to explore the underwater world of the coral reef. He is almost moved to tears when, six years and a whole war later, he flies over the home he and Anne once had at Illiec on the coast of Brittany, remembering its tidal flats, the sea and rocks and groves that combined with the changing sky and tide to make a perfection that was unbelievable.

The diary is most human when it jumps from affairs of state, or dissertations on the characteristics of various planes, to the domestic concerns that are always close to Lindbergh's heart. The deaths of his dogs, Skean and Thor, move Lindbergh to sensitive utterances on loyalty. He is not a permissive father, but he spends hours with his children, Jon, Land and Anne Jr., all of whom have become adventurous and constructive individuals. (Two other children are born too late to figure in the diary.) Like their father, the children prefer adventure to security, freedom to popularity, conviction to influence. Though Charles Lindbergh has come to regret the population explosion, and Anne Lindbergh now thinks families must limit their number, the Lindbergh family is a living refutation of the idea that the "two children per couple" standard should be mechanically applied. Some people should have large families; others should have no children at all.

We won't know whether Charles Lindbergh was right or wrong about the war until the conflict between the Communists and the civilization we call the "West" has been finally resolved. This means that the jury may be out for a couple of generations or even more. In the meantime we might as well accept the Lindbergh diary for what it is, a remarkable testament of a man of action who is also a man of reflection, a scientist who is also a poet. It is rather a shame that the book has become known for the controversies it has revived, for beyond controversy there is much here that will endure. □

FICTION

Islands in the Stream
By Ernest Hemingway
Scribners, 466 pp., $10

Mary
By Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 114 pp., $6.95

The Driver's Seat
By Muriel Spark
Knopf, 117 pp., $4.95

HEMINGWAY AS WALTER PATER

GUY DAVENPORT

Hemingway would have been the Walter Pater *de nos jours* if he had not committed himself for 35 years to a grey, low-voiced, plain prose of severely limited flexibility and puritanical restraint. The original usefulness of this style was its laconic leanness, its clean spareness, its masculine brunt. It also served well to disguise Hemingway's inordinate love of spilt blood and his Paterian chill up the spine in the face of a tenderly cherished moment. One of the strangest similarities in the history of art is the shy, dog-skin-gloved Oxford don who shivered before Botticelli, adored all that was soft and suave in the last days of Greece, and was happiest with his family of cats, and the shy, accident-prone Hemingway, who wanted to shiver before the arts (he admired Waldo Pierce, the Renoir of Florida, and thought that *Mademoiselle du Maupin* was a racy book), never quite found anything significant beyond danger and alcohol, and was happiest with his family of cats.

Hemingway was Pater in a boxer's body. What Pater dreamed of, he did, breaking practically every bone in his body, and using up more mercurochrome than all the soccer teams in Christendom. Pater could get a string quartet going in his gizzard with a blue bowl of daisies. Hemingway needed a maddened bull for the same spiritual uplift, but he was Pater right on, the aesthete stalking his splendid moment.

Most of the great generation that grew up with and was nourished by aestheticism turned Pater's pursuit of the hard, gemlike flame to good account. Joyce learned to make the voiceless to speak. Pound learned how to isolate the beauti-

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ful and lasting things of this earth and to arrange them in quite different and startling orders, so that we know them unforgettably the next time they come our way. But Hemingway never got beyond tuning his nerve set. He sought out sensations, savored them (breaking a bone), and pronounced them good or bad, and uncorked the mercurochrome. The ensuing frustration he lumped with hangovers, which must have been his most persistent sensation, and waited for the next encounter.

These collisions with sensations were Beauty. Not even Pater, or that Italian Hemingway, D'Annunzio, pursued so assiduously the phantom Beauty. It is no wonder that in this posthumous novel Hemingway casts himself as a painter who was also a great lover, fisherman, shooter of anything that moved, friend of Joyce and Jules Pascin, soldier, and a drunkard who would have won the astounded admiration of W. C. Fields.

Using the same, the only prose he ever wrote, apparently not noticing that it is utterly inappropriate for the tale he's telling, Hemingway has scooped together a rigamarole of his favorite themes, and strung them out like so much washing on the line. And yet this late, wordy, shapeless novel is readable; it is still the old Hemingway of the battlefields, the cafés, the bitchy women, the mercurochrome. It is not Hemingway, but the world that has changed.

Critics have made much of Hemingway's primitive vision of the American past, his resemblance to Cooper, his nostalgia for frontiers, heroism, manly brawn gun in hand. He was still pursuing that vision when he wrote *Islands in the Stream*. He had tracked the last frontier into the very ocean, to a few islands where men really do hunt for their dinner, where the bars still resemble the O.K. Saloon at Dodge City, and where, in the fiercest of technological wars, one could set out in one's boat with a crew of hardy, innocent, manly types to track down a German submarine (Tom Sawyer would have sold Huck to Barbary pirates for such an adventure) and, by golly, shoot it up.

But Beauty was there in the slaughter, and the stubborn hand that had never been able to throw well enough to make it in big league baseball threw the grenade at the Germans true and clean and beautiful, and the novel ends with the tourniquet tightened and the mercurochrome bottle and sulfa (thank God that he lived to the age of sulfa).

Beauty was perhaps Death all along. Artists have had stranger visions. Death and the approaches to death were his lifelong fascination. His picture of life was therefore a series of rare moments, the nearer death the better (and the more beautiful). It is easy to see this obsessed game of playing with death as unabashed hedonism (Nero and T. E. Lawrence offer precedents), but it is also possible to recognize that it is a prophetic gesture of terrifying import. If Hemingway's art was marred by a curiously feminine passivity before beautiful moments and gestures, it was given its most significant shape by an almost neolithic awe of animals. In them he saw life at its most integral, and he seemed to kill them with a religious dread. Beneath his romanticism there may be a sense that the old life of the world is gone, the world of man and animal and heroism and the alertness of the senses. His desperate attempt to imagine that it still existed, if only at moments, was our surest sign that it is gone forever.

MARY is the very first of Nabokov's fifteen novels. *The Driver's Seat* is Muriel Spark's tenth novel. Both are fine minor pieces, well worth reading. Michael Glenny ("in collaboration with the author") translated the Nabokov. It is a tale of Russian exiles in Berlin, and like all of Nabokov's novels, it is about a man who has two minds, one containing an imaginary world, the other well-focused on reality. The characters, except for the lovely (and unseen) Mary, are all Nabokovian marginal people inhabiting interims and delusions. Practically all of the later themes are here, already full grown.

Muriel Spark, one of the British masters of the odd and the peculiar, has written another study of damned strange behavior. *The Driver's Seat* is—presumably—about a girl half off her rocker who plans her own death. The

RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: *I Will Fear No Evil* is Robert Heinlein's first novel in five years (Putnam, $6.95). . . . Gottfried Dietze finds parallels in the Weimar Republic to today's student radicals in *Youth, University and Democracy* (Johns Hopkins, $6.50). . . . Wilfrid Blunt's *The Dream King: Ludwig II of Bavaria* offers lots of color photos of the mad monarch's castles (Viking, $14.95). . . . *No Known Survivors* is a collection of Peter Levine drawings calculated to make the Left forget Herblock (Gambit, $7.95).

McClure's Magazine and the Muckrackers is a slice of Americana by Harold S. Wilson (Princeton, $10). . . . Max Rafferty has another one on education, *Classroom Countdown* (Hawthorne, $6.95). . . . If you've wondered what President Nixon has been saying in his first year in office, you can now look it up in your Funk & Wagnall's. They're out with a compilation of his major policy statements, *Setting a Course* ($10). Introduction by Richard Wilson. . . . *Homespun of Oatmeal Gray* is a new volume of aging anarchist Paul Goodman's verse (Random House, $5; paper, $1.65).

■ PUBLISHING FIGURES: Book sales in 1969 rose over $2.75 billion, but the increase of 6.4 per cent barely took care of inflation. Paperbacks again edged hardbounds, $214 *v.* $199 million, but were in turn nosed out by book clubs, at $220 million. Book clubs added to hardbounds, however, nearly double the paperback total. As usual, textbooks (over $800 million) and reference books (over $600 million) ran far ahead of their more glamorous cousins.

■ TV: Maybe it's a liberal working his mischief or maybe it's routine stupidity, but New York's Channel 5 (Metromedia) has edited out of its version of *Knute Rockne, All-American* the emotional highlight of the picture, which just happens to be Ronald Reagan's big line: "Win one for the Gipper." Which also deprives Pat O'Brien's pep talk later in the picture of half its point.

■ COMING IN JANUARY: Back in print, two major books in the corpus of anti-Communism from Arlington House: *The Red Decade* by Eugene Lyons ($8.95) and *McCarthy and His Enemies* by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and L. Brent Bozell ($7.95). . . . Pierre Galante, a friend, out with a life of *Malraux* (Cowles, $8.95). . . . *Sexual Heretics* is an anthology of English fairyland writing, 1850-1900, assembled by Brian Reads and featuring Wilde, Pater (see also p. 1214), Symonds, Housman and other boys in the band (Coward-McCann, $12.50).

■ Ramparts Press is the new hardcover imprint of guess what magazine. Line is debuting this fall with six rad titles. Distribution will be handled by Simon & Schuster, who did it with *Do It!* and now want to do it again.

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story is gruesome enough, but its power is in its wild pace and in its thoroughly English talent for rendering the ordinary world as if it were a nightmare. And in addition to the jolt of the story, you are left with the nice puzzle of what it means. I don't know, but I know that it will nag me until I find out. □

The Emerging Japanese Superstate: Challenge and Response
By Herman Kahn
Prentice-Hall, 274 pp., $8.95

THE JAPANESE CENTURY?

DAVID BRUDNOY

Oceania, Eurasia, Eastasia: George Orwell's trisected world in *1984*. Economically, today's world reflects that division already; the United States, Russia and Japan are the three superpowers. Herman Kahn, futurist and director of the Hudson Institute, predicts that by the year 2000 or thereabouts, Japan will have surpassed America and the Soviet Union and have the largest gross national product in the world. And, he suggests, it is not unlikely that Japan will become a military superpower, maybe even *the* superpower, as well.

Mr. Kahn assumes that Japan's current economic growth rate of 10 per cent per annum will continue unabated, and that all additional factors—e.g., economic growth rates in the other major powers—will remain constant as well. Extrapolations are always dicey affairs, and Kahn's prediction sounds especially fantastic; *fabulous* might be the better word. *Ceteris paribus*, if Mr. Kahn be believed, an Orwellian world-balance should come into existence by the middle of this decade, and the Japanese Century should be upon us soon thereafter. Although the Orwellian analogy is mine, not Herman Kahn's, it seems obvious that the three great powers in the remaining years of this century will be the centers of three great blocs of nations, with the uncommitted "third world" even more a vast wasteland than it is today. Orwell saw those contested lands as the fields of unremitting military and psychological warfare between the three powers. Economically, of course, this is well under way right now throughout the Third World, as it is militarily in Vietnam, the Middle East and parts of Negro Africa and Latin America.

MR. KAHN'S *Emerging Japanese Superstate* is a remarkable achievement: a book encompassing and occasionally bettering the descriptive analyses in a variety of well-chosen sources; a study so shrewdly suggestive that, if given the careful attention it deserves, it will certainly be recognized as the most important examination of today's Japan in recent years, and one which should become the focus of intense debate for some time to come. It is really two books, one descriptive, the second predictive.

Admittedly an amateur himself in regard to things Japanese, Mr. Kahn does not shrink either from relying heavily on Ruth Benedict's "amateur" analysis of the Japanese mind (*The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, 1946) or from borrowing liberally from Chitoshi Yanaga's two brilliant books, *Japanese People and Politics* of 1956 and the recent *Big Business in Japanese Politics*. Mrs. Benedict's book has often been ignored for a variety of pedantic reasons, and Mr. Yanaga's efforts have

rarely been appreciated sufficiently. It is to Mr. Kahn's credit that he has picked these writers as his mentors and has followed their lead in stressing those aspects of culture and national character which best explain Japan's development over the centuries, among the most important of which are these: political pluralism and authoritarianism, psychological communalism, egoism, assimilativeness, hierarchicalism, pervasive cohesive values, competent perfective technology, assertiveness toward environment, respect for private property, purposive attitude toward history and paternalistic master/faithful servitor relationships. Abbreviated drastically, these factors boil down to two: tremendous drive and national *amour-propre*.

The Japanese are highly motivated to excel at whatever they do. As Professor Yanaga long ago put it, they *adopt* from whichever culture seems more advanced than theirs, then they *adapt* the device or institution to their own circumstances, and finally they become *adept* at it. On the other hand, no modern nation is as racialistic as Japan. The Japanese see themselves as a chosen people, and sometimes their expression of this conceit is more than a little offensive.

Japan's will to be *dai-ichi* (number one) contrasts vividly both with the spirit of bureaucratic inefficiency so noticeable in socialist and Communist systems and with that corroding nostalgia for disengagement currently taking hold in many sectors of American (capitalist) society. While the Russians demonstrate the bankruptcy of the Marxist model and Red China manifests all too clearly the disadvantages of stressing ideology over practicality, Japan attends carefully to what Tocqueville called "self-interest rightly understood." And whereas the United States has yet to learn that being policeman to the world does not also necessarily imply being everyone's Santa Claus, Japan quite obviously understands the difference and seems determined to avoid our double error of confusing the two roles and attempting to play both. The measure of Japan's success, I think, will be in how well she manages to temper her national arrogance while still accelerating her economic expansion. Once before, 1931-45, Japan floundered in that particular mire. It's evident that she is attempting now to become a superpower by peaceful means.

Mr. Kahn shows that the Japanese determination to become *dai-ichi* has become the goal of a broad national consensus. Admittedly, a small group at the bottom of society is being left behind. But unlike America, Japan demonstrates no inclination to indulge in an orgy of self-flagellation about these unfortunates. Most Japanese benefit from their nation's economic growth; those who will not or cannot move ahead with the nation must, and will, be disregarded. Perhaps the fact that almost all her people work for the good of the nation as a whole particularly accounts for Japan's growth up to now and gives firm backing to Mr. Kahn's optimistic scenario for the future.

THE PREDICTIVE PORTIONS of this book are by their very nature less amenable to precise evaluation than are the descriptive chapters. Any Japanologist will immediately recognize a gap between the soundness of Kahn's portrait of Japan as she is and the tentativeness of his projection for tomorrow. *If* Japan's growth rate continues as at present; *if* Japan overcomes her "nuclear al-

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Does to the Berkeley anarchists what *God and Man at Yale* did to established liberalism

THE KUMQUAT STATEMENT

Anarchy in the Groves of Academe

By
JOHN R. COYNE, JR.

William F. Buckley, Jr., writes

"Sometime during 1968 we received at *National Review* the manuscript of an article . . . from a young man, a graduate student at Berkeley, which took hold so firmly, and yet so unobtrusively, on what was going on at his university as to cause our small staff to marvel—gratefully—at the phenomenon....

"John Coyne quickly attracted a considerable audience, distinguished (to judge from their letters) less by those who look for an additional reason to inveigh against the young revolutionists than by those who were truly grateful to someone who, by objective transcriptions of what was going on, gave us insight not only into the quite incredible lengths of what some of the students were doing, but into the far more unimaginable lengths to which so many members of a faculty formally committed to reason and meditation were disposed to go....

"Mr. Coyne implores us to look at what we have done to ourselves and our children and what our actions may mean to the future of our nation. I cannot believe that his *cri de coeur* will be ignored by readers who yearn for an intelligent and passionate guide to life in the revolutionary new societies that our universities have become. Or that the easy riders tagging along with the academic revolution who look into John Coyne's mirror will fail to discover how ugly they have permitted themselves to become."

— From the Introduction

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lergy" and becomes a nuclear power at the time and in the manner Kahn thinks will be most conducive to her development: *if* there is no nuclear Armageddon or even another Sino-Japanese war: *if* there is no phenomenal technological breakthrough in either the Soviet Union or the United States or, for that matter, in some other country, which could somehow cut seriously into Japan's access to raw materials; *if* all this and more —then perhaps the Japanese Century will indeed replace the American Century within three decades.

Mr. Kahn succeeds admirably in his stated goal of opening up rather than settling discussion. Even if his extrapolation is assumed to be fanciful hypothesis at best—and such a cavalier dismissal of his main point would be foolish—*The Emerging Japanese Superstate* will be acknowledged as invaluable to anyone interested in Japan, and as a book which should be read straightaway by anyone concerned with geopolitics. Moreover, as a teacher of Japanese studies who has long searched for the one volume which could bring together the best scholarship on contemporary Japan and present it in a cohesive, comprehensive manner, I can state flatly that Herman Kahn has written precisely that book. □

Belloc, A Biographical Anthology
Edited by Herbert van Thal
Knopf, 386 pp., $8.95

HIS OWN WORST CRITIC

GARRY WILLS

I had always thought Belloc his own worst enemy. Now, perhaps, Herbert van Thal deserves the title. In the first place, this is not a "biographical anthology," merely a chronological one. It is also sketchy, poorly chosen and full of misprints (the whole table of contents is off by ten pages throughout).

Each volume of this sort, issuing from a respectable publisher, represents a lost opportunity. Instead of disturbing the current underestimation of Belloc, it tends to confirm it. The job is to rescue Belloc from his own overproduction—an overproduction he sorely lamented. He knew he made his living by, in effect, destroying his reputation. But he had to go on meeting deadlines in order to feed his family. This necessity did not trouble Chesterton, who did not have high literary aspirations. But Belloc did.

NOT THAT BELLOC UNDERSTOOD his own limits, or would rate his work as posterity—after we have run through all the van Thals—is somebody bound to. Belloc, who had enough bad luck and then manufactured more, underwent the special trial of being best-known for what he did worst. In all his many roles, there is an exact gradation—the more it fit his known pose and persona, the less did it express his true gifts and genius. We need only list in order the principal claims on his contemporaries' attention to see how this fatal law worked:

1) *Historian.* He had prepared for an academic career as an historian, and did the bulk of his work in this field. His broad judgments and basic instincts corrected some errors of the time, and would have made one good book of wicked destruction. But he never filled in details, improved his vision, or grew as an historian. He lived off those first corrective exaggerations and punched out book after book by sheer stylistic bravado. He wrote ambitious biographies on cruises, in private homes, without libraries or sources, filling the books out with his vague impressive rhetoric, a *tour-de-force* of sorts, but one that spread and cheapened his gifts of eloquence.

Most of his historical work was done in the popular vein of "readable biography," yet he was not a portraitist. One rarely gets a sense of the individual. Belloc could not cast himself outside his own preoccupations, so what we get are portentous glimpses of cloudy battle—huge forces clashing, Faith, Europe, Reason, the West—always the same, whether the book be about Cranmer, Napoleon or Cromwell. When he ran out of particulars and could say nothing new, he trotted out the great Abstractions and made them stalk about his narrow stage like melodrama ghosts.

2) *War Commentator.* Belloc reached his largest popular audience, in both World Wars, as a newspaper analyst of Allied strategy. War fascinated him, in history and biography, and he loved to describe battles. But he liked them for the wrong reason. He thought them instances of human control, of the mind shaping events. He never learned Kutuzov's lesson about "the logic of battle," and he invariably simplified. This made his running commentary and prediction, in wartime, disastrously wrong.

3) *Catholic Apologist.* Because Belloc was always talking of "the Faith," of its destiny and historical fortunes, he is considered a theological propagandist. But what he usually meant was Christendom, the historical body of the faithful. About religious truths he read little and wrote less. The one most embarrassing moment in all his books comes when he tries to offer a logical proof for the existence of God. Belloc praised rigorous

thinking, and his favorite stylists were those who could convey an impression of such rigor—Gibbon, Swift, Dr. Johnson. But it was all a matter of bracing literary *atmosphere*. Those without the style bored him (e.g., St. Thomas). Those with a more romantic style repelled him (e.g., St. Augustine—along with his official friend, and secret rival, Chesterton). Belloc was incapable of logic.

4) *Political Analyst.* Lacking rigor, he was prey to unchecked emotional prejudices, and these made his political views a crazyquilt. He was a monarchist who admired the French Revolution, a man of eighteenth-century taste who praised medieval institutions—once again, it is *style* that confuses his head by commanding his heart. Modern parliamentary politicians were not so much wicked or wrong as colorless. The overrated "predictions" of *The Servile State*, falsified by events, have been exploited by people excerpting bits and tags to support the most disparate views.

5) *Novelist.* His contemporaries read the novels for contemporary (if veiled) reference and satire. But the wit is clogged and weighed down by the plotting and conventions of the novel form.

6) *Poet.* Things are getting better—it is emotion we must go to Belloc for, not thought. He felt he should have been a poet, and labored at it more than he would admit. His small body of work is

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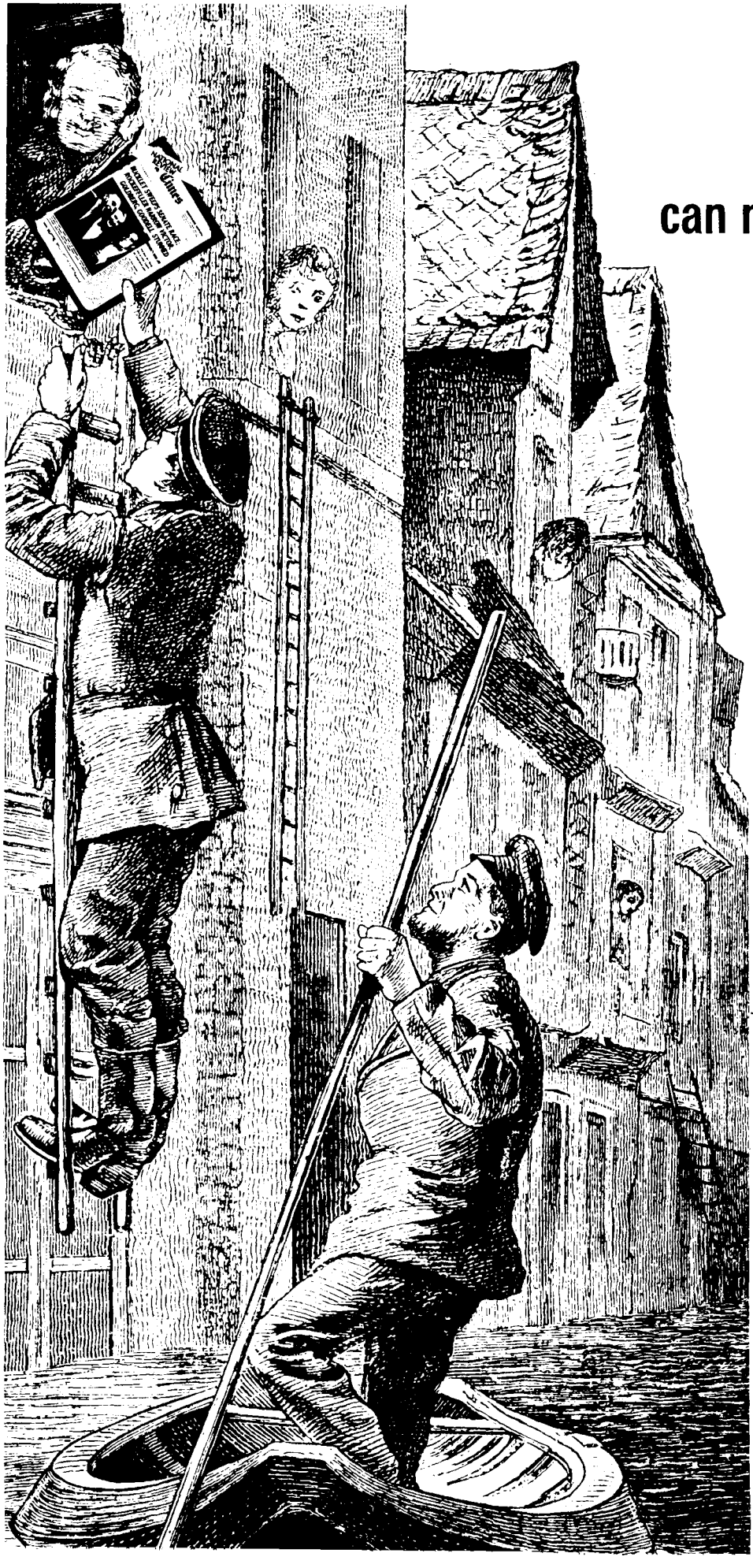

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full of haunting lines, but he could not sustain a single vision throughout a poem. Separate beauties detach themselves and drift, while all the rest sinks. The epigram is the only distance he can go, with any regularity, in serious verse.

7) *Literary Critic.* He did little of this, but it is all excellent. In fact, *Avril* is that rare thing, a perfect book—short, shaped, precise, a masterpiece itself, illuminating other masterpieces. Even when he treats literature just in passing, he does it with great feeling and insight —e.g., discussing the style of Cranmer or of Calvin. In fact, the only thing that could "explain" so obvious yet subtle a poem as Catullus 3 is Belloc's play with, and expansion of, its tone in *On a Lost Manuscript.*

Belloc's *Milton*, too, is a better introduction to the poet than C. S. Lewis' better-known and widely used little book. Belloc begins with the main thing, a realization that Milton is not austere but intensely sensuous. In verbal witchery and sheer outpour of gorgeous sound he easily outdid Hopkins and Swinburne. Belloc offers the best approach to Milton's thought, such as it was—*trust the music.* What the music says, matters. What it doesn't, doesn't.

8) *Satirist.* Here he takes command. His comic verse is as good as Swift's, as disciplined and as savage, fueled with scorn and hatred for human pettiness, compromise, betrayal.

9) *Personal Essayist.* The sway of his emotions, the tug of contradictory loves and loyalties, all the things that mar his other work and thinking, here become sources of strength. He had few thoughts, but a thousand moods, and they play beautifully through the rainbow-prose of the essays, which are alternately (sometimes simultaneously) mournful and playful, frothy and meditative. The language runs free, not forced as in the histories and "big books," obeying his moods as it never did his mind. So much is this his medium, mastered by him, that he could extend the tone of personal essay to book length, in *The Path to Rome* or *The Four Men.*

Even the good parts of his other books are often personal essays pushing up through the barren surface of narrative. Even a stray successful poem—like the one ending "On with my overcoat, and out into the night"—works because it uses the whimsy of his essay-style. His longer letters belong to the same genre, and make his output of essays staggering in size as well as quality. They are his best work, and he will live in them. □

Strategy for Tomorrow
By Hanson W. Baldwin
Harper, 377 pp., $12.50

BROAD VISION AND COMMONSENSE

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

"The highest form of strategy," wrote the late Edward Mead Earle of Princeton University, "is the outcome of military excellence enlightened by critical and constructive political judgment." *Strategy for Tomorrow* is a book of which every page reflects the author's deep understanding and acceptance of this axiomatic precept—and reflects also the politically enlightened military excellence of his own strategic insight.

Hanson W. Baldwin has been writing on military affairs and national security for just over forty years, during the greater part of which he was military editor of the *New York Times.* His unwavering support of sound defense policies for the United States, as well as his penetrating critiques when things have gone wrong, have earned him the respect of successive generations of our professional military leaders in all four services, as this reviewer has had ample opportunity to observe.

Strategy for Tomorrow is the distilled essence of this ripe experience. Of most immediate interest to many readers will be our author's clear and biting analysis of what went wrong in Vietnam and who is to blame for it: "Our conspicuous failures in Vietnam were failures in command and control at the top levels in Washington," failures largely due to President Johnson's insistence on taking his military advice from Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, to the relative exclusion of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The only member of the Joint Chiefs who saw the President regularly in the crucial years 1965-1968 was the Chairman (General Earle G. Wheeler, U.S. Army) and he only once or twice a week. "He was almost always accompanied either by the Secretary of Defense or his deputy, who never hesitated to 'second guess' the Chairman, and to dilute or contradict his statements." The individual members of the Joint Chiefs —the responsible heads of the fighting services—seldom saw the President privately. "It was in this period that the Joint Chiefs reached what one of them described later as a 'plateau of frustration': Their advice to the commander in chief was either not getting through, or was so downgraded in the process that it was of minimal value in decision-making."

THE CENTRALIZATION OF POWER in the Pentagon in the office of the Secretary of Defense brought about a state of affairs in which "even assistant secretaries of defense and staff assistants outside the chain of command exercised some degree of operational control or intervened at many different levels in the command structure." The net result was a policy of gradualism—slowly increasing the military pressure on the enemy—so slowly, hesitatingly and with such uncertainty that the enemy could always match it, relatively speaking. "This is precisely the way *not* to fight any war. . . . Escalation always favors the stronger side, if it is done rapidly, with decision and with a power which the weaker enemy cannot quickly match. . . . But a hesitant policy telegraphs a national weakness of will, an indecisiveness which a determined enemy will always exploit."

This obsession with gradualism—a strategy, by the way, of which Secretary McNamara proudly claims to be the inventor—destroyed any hope of early decision. Governmental over-optimism at the outset "lulled and deceived the American people. . . . The 'credibility gap' was real and understandable. The Secretary of Defense and the President were not believed because they too often manipulated the truth."

Mr. Baldwin then proceeds, systematically, to deal with "unsolved" problem areas in the rest of the world, which—for the rest of the twentieth century—he identifies as "Berlin and divided Germany; the Taiwan Strait and the two-China situation; divided Korea; divided Vietnam; Southeast Asia; Africa; Latin America; Cyprus; the Arabian peninsula and the Persian Gulf area; and particularly the explosive, volatile Middle East."

In a series of crisply written chapters, he examines these problem areas in relation to the degree of American strategic interest in each, the present and prospective capabilities of Communist states for aggression and non-Communist states for self-defense. He makes some highly interesting points.

To take one as an example, in pointing out the need for developing an oceanic strategy for the United States (a strategy which must in some regions rely on island bases), he observes: "Island bases must have adequate defense

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against air-missile and amphibious attacks from ships or continental positions. Modern technology strengthens considerably the defensive advantages of positions surrounded by the sea. [Thus] the use of *defensive tactical nuclear weapons with localized effects* could doom nearly any conventional attack against an island base. . . . Indeed, the defense of island positions is one of the few contingencies in which such weapons might be used defensively without any considerable risk of touching off a nuclear war . . . for the effects would be localized, confined to the skies and the seas near the position defended, and no offensive weapons need be used against mainland positions." This is a perfectly reasonable proposition when one comes to think it through.

In conclusion, Mr. Baldwin warns that we cannot afford to be in a position of "actual or potential inferiority. Arms races are dangerous, but arms inferiority even more so. . . . Greater strength, new developments do not spell disaster; deterrence has been maintained through a quarter-century of the atomic age. It can be maintained in the dangerous tomorrows. But not from a position of inferiority, not by unilateral arms limitations, not by faith alone, not by one-sided acceptance of the mythical notion of some kind of 'technical plateau.' "

We must keep our powder dry: which, in the dangerous last third of the twentieth century, our author defines in six "over-riding priorities":

First, superiority in strategic (i.e., nuclear) weapons. Nuclear inferiority dooms deterrence, dooms success in non-nuclear conflict, dooms our diplomacy.

Second, maritime superiority—the capability to use the seas for our purposes, to deny their use to an enemy.

Third, research and development across the board. The age of miracles has not ended; technological surprise of the unwary is still possible.

Fourth, intelligence—the bedrock of knowledge upon which all policy must be built.

Fifth, the shortest possible "lead time" —the interval between blueprint and finished hardware for all weapons systems.

Sixth, the pre-eminence of man as the king of battle—the armed forces of tomorrow must maintain a school for leaders.

If we neglect any of these, our author warns, we are undone. "We *must*," he concludes, "keep our powder dry. If we do, there will not be a global Utopia. It will be the same old world with all the problems of man. But it will be a livable world, a world in which United States security is *not* guaranteed, but reasonably insured. One way lies hope, the other, decline and fall."

Strategy for Tomorrow is indispensable reading for any American who is interested in his country's future. That it will be widely read in the armed services, by civilian officials in the Defense and State Departments, by members of the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees of both Houses of Congress goes without saying, considering the high repute of its author in such circles. Let us hope that it may also be widely read and studied in all our institutions of higher learning, where its broad vision and straightforward commonsense should be especially appreciated. But above all, this is a book for John Q. Citizen. The essential facts of national security in today's world and tomorrow's which it contains have never before, since the dawn of the nuclear age, been so forcefully and clearly set forth in a single volume. □

A Soviet Heretic
By Yevgeny Zamyatin (Edited and translated by Mirra Ginsburg)
Chicago, 322 pp., $9.50

PROPHET, VICTIM AND EXILE

TIBOR SZAMUELY

Atrocities are usually measured in terms of human lives; the more people killed, the greater the crime. This is an understandable approach—after all, our whole morality is founded upon the precept "Thou shalt not kill." Yet I am not sure that, historically speaking, the customary yardstick is the correct one. The continuity of the human species is preserved by procreation; the continuity of human civilization, only by deathless works of the spirit. *Ars longa, vita brevis.* It took but a few generations to make up for the ravages of a Black Death or a Thirty Years' War; what was the magic needed to create a Renaissance, and what the combination of forces to snuff it out?

Remember Orson Welles' line in *The Third Man* about 500 years of Swiss democracy and brotherhood of man having produced nothing but the cuckoo-clock, whereas the blood-soiled, crime-stained Italy of the sixteenth century gave us more riches than any other period of human history? He was quite right, of course: fecundity, ecological balance, high standards of living count for little in the final sum of human happiness compared to artifacts wrought of words, colors, stones, sounds. Even the greatest massacres of the past are today no more than dates to be memorized by bored schoolchildren, while a Notre Dame, a Michelangelo, a Shakespeare give us humanity, nobility and hope even in the most wretched of times.

The twentieth century, an age of unparalleled bloodshed and of rampant materialism, treats spiritual needs as frivolous whims when set against the really important business of survival and of the "good life." So we have learned to rate the horrors of Hitler and Stalin, of wars and revolutions, according to their place in the scale of slaughter. But from time to time it might be salutary to think of those even greater atrocities, of the crimes whose effects will still be felt long after our recent dead are forgotten as completely as the nameless builders of the Gothic cathedrals.

By this reckoning (and by any other) the Bolshevik revolution in Russia must rate as the most evil and destructive event of modern history. It killed anything from twenty-five to thirty-five million souls; instead of the Promised Land, it brought forth an inhuman and unnatural tyranny. Perhaps most important of all, it exterminated one of the world's great cultures. Before the revolution Russia had marched in the forefront of world music and painting; Russian literature was experiencing a second Golden Age. 1917 put an end to everything. The painters and composers emigrated—they spoke a universal language, in which they opened up dazzling new artistic horizons. Infinitely more tragic was the fate of the writers: the ones who fled the country lost their voices, while those who remained were either killed or driven to suicide or forced into silence. The murder of Russian literature was possibly the revolution's greatest crime.

Yevgeny Zamyatin was one of its most prominent victims. Zamyatin was luckier than others; he managed to get out, but as late as 1931, after fourteen years of studying the new Russia at first hand. This makes him unique: a

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heretical Soviet writer whose work has survived in the West instead of being locked up in the filing cabinets of the secret police.

Zamyatin died 35 years ago, and only now is he slowly gaining recognition as a writer of the first rank. He is best known as the author of *We*, one of the earliest and finest of the anti-Utopias, a chilling portrayal of the totalitarian future, which directly inspired *1984*. Orwell generously acknowledged his debt to Zamyatin, and did a great deal toward popularizing the latter's writings. And, although Orwell's is the greater novel, he wrote it thirty years after the Bolshevik revolution—while one can only marvel at the percipience with which Zamyatin foresaw a monstrous thereafter as early as 1920.

Zamyatin, like Orwell, was not only a brilliant novelist but a sensitive literary critic, an essayist, a memoirist, a political thinker. The best of his essays have now been collected and presented in an excellent English translation. They add a new dimension to Zamyatin—and a new perspective to our understanding of Soviet literature.

To this day there is a widely held belief that the first years of the Soviet regime witnessed a splendid flowering of Russian literature, which was then nipped in the bud by Stalin and Zhdanov. The fantasy is part and parcel of the assiduously spread notion of a "well-meaning" and "democratic" Lenin and a "wicked" and "despotic" Stalin. Zamyatin's articles show, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Bolsheviks began their systematic destruction of literature, their suppression of free thought, and their transformation of creativity into a branch of propaganda, from the very first days of the revolution. A man of progressive, anti-czarist views (who had even, briefly, been a Bolshevik in the past), Zamyatin had no illusions concerning the revolution.

A few weeks after Lenin's coup d'état he was writing about the Bolsheviks "who have covered Russia with a pile of carcasses, who are dreaming of socialist-Napoleonic wars in Europe—throughout the world, throughout the universe." As for literature, "I am afraid that the only future possible to Russian literature is its past" (1921). Three years later: "Truth is the first thing that present-day literature lacks. The writer has drowned himself in lies, he is too accustomed to speak prudently, with a careful look over the shoulder. . . . Future generations will have to learn about our epoch from tinseled, straw-filled dummies."

Which is precisely what happened. So much for the legend of a "libertarian" Leninism. These are the conclusions Zamyatin draws from a detailed study of the events taking place about him, from the emergence and evolution of the new literature of "Socialist realism." His judgment on individual authors is uncanny: he predicted their future with mathematical precision, foretelling the corruption of some and the crackup of others. Zamyatin saw the degeneration and putrescence of the revolution long before that other "great libertarian," Trotsky, had awakened to the fact: "When the flaming, seething sphere [of revolution] cools, the fiery magma becomes coated with dogma—a rigid, ossified, motionless crust."

In 1929, after *We* had been published abroad, Zamyatin was officially "condemned" by the Writers' Union. He sent a bitter yet dignified letter of resignation—almost identical in tone and content to that of Solzhenitsyn forty years later. Nothing ever changes in that pitiless land; Zamyatin was no longer published, his books were withdrawn from the libraries and destroyed. Then, thanks to Gorky's intervention, he managed to obtain the most precious object a Soviet citizen can dream of—an exit visa. Before leaving his country forever Zamyatin wrote a letter to Stalin, expressing the hope that some day he might return, "as soon as it becomes possible in our country to serve great ideas in literature without cringing before little men, as soon as there is at least a partial change in the prevailing view concerning the role of the literary artist."

Forty years have passed, yet the "prevailing view" remains the same. In Russia, as in any Communist country, one cannot be a writer without transgressing the law. Communism and the arts are irreconcilable: Communism is the murderer of the arts. In the years to come this crime will weigh ever heavier in the balance. □

Language Is Sermonic: Richard Weaver on the Nature of Rhetoric
Edited by Richard L. Johannesen, R. Strickland and Ralph T. Eubanks
Louisiana State University, 225 pp., $6.95

WEAVER AND THE WEB OF WORDS

M. E. BRADFORD

It was inevitable that there be a posthumous collection of Richard Weaver's rhetorical papers: inevitable and proper. For this Southerner, working out of Chicago, was in all likelihood the foremost student of rhetoric as a living force writing in English in our time. Unfortunately, like Kenneth Burke, his only rival for this title, Weaver planned much more than he performed: talked and taught a little of it out with friends, did a textbook and the essays in *Language Is Sermonic*, wrote *The Ethics of Rhetoric* (an earlier, overlapping volume), and left other insights scattered in his political philosophy, literary criticism and intellectual history. The systematic overview of the status and character of rhetoric in an age ill-disposed to admit that it exists or has importance as a form of knowledge, we can only create for ourselves, reconstruct by inference from the scaffolding provided by this new book and the other materials mentioned above.

The heady barbarism which drove Weaver to recognize how much rhetoric shapes and orients a particular world also drove him beyond disinterested contemplation of the problems, for responsible use of language, engendered by that fashionable savagery disguised as sentiment; drove him into direct contention with the "problem makers." In a word, this most retiring of scholars, while continuing to function within the academy and while publishing a great body of work in several fields, made of himself a public man, took a side in the

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"mad contentions" of his day. Here there is cause for regret but also for rejoicing. I so insist because, though Weaver finished only a little of the rhetorical opus he intended and could have written, these few studies indicate how very much that little profited from his political engagement on the Right.

THE CONTENTS OF *Language Is Sermonic* have elsewhere appeared in print, but most included materials are now hard to find. Their original publication was occasional and dispersed what it should have joined. The editors of this book, Weaver's disciples and admirers, therefore did well to provide a convenient locus for the study of the *magister*'s doctrine and some useful introductory framing to the same end. This is the best of Weaver on rhetorical theory. Other pieces of straightforward analysis exist—some of them still unpublished. However, it is the theory on which we can build.

Despite their separate composition over a period of years, the works included in this book are well united by certain consistent preoccupations. The first of these, as becomes apparent upon a straight-through reading, is the relation of dialectics to rhetoric: the necessary connection between understanding a question or what is at stake in a dispute and the choice of instruments for partisan operations on one side of that dispute. Of course, as Weaver always insisted, the rhetorician may be a persuasive *and* evil man—may misconceive of a question, even on purpose. Hence the link between ethics and rhetoric. In any society that assumes that rhetoricians are sophistic by definition, and by that designation discourages all but sophists from joining their company, it is likely that the resident masters of persuasion will be both wicked and efficient ("The Cultural Role of Rhetoric"). The name of this situation is relativism. Its consequences we know well enough. Dick Weaver's enmity to both was unswerving.

Now, relativism is bad enough in itself. But when linked to a philosophic position which insists that authority comes only from temporary manipulation of the physical universe and is devolved upon whatever language is associated, by use in description and imitation, with such accomplishments, then it is very difficult to win back for dialectics their rightful priority, difficult to talk of absolute value. In the contemporary tongue, whatever is Promethean or presumptuous toward the given frame

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of things is considered right ("Concealed Rhetoric is Scientistic Sociology"). Hieratic authority belongs to the idiom which reassures us that man alone is the measure and his self-transcendence (accomplished by his own limitless will upon an obstinate variety/mystery) alone the objective ("Ultimate Terms in Contemporary Rhetoric"). And, of course, a certain muddled "democratic" hostility to distinction, excellence and intellect reinforces these assumptions.

The alternative is the creation of discourse according to such rules as are described in Weaver's *Phaedrus* essay (or in the omitted "Spaciousness of the Older Rhetoric") and present by antithesis in the papers identified in parenthesis above: a discourse founded on sound dialectics. But first we must recognize that the web of words—and especially its "normative" ingredients—provided for us by relativism is a barrier to honest examination of a question. As things stand, where we come out is usually predetermined by the errors that we start with. *Form is meaning*; the argument of any composition may be hidden in the texture, the disposition of its parts, or even in its language. This insight Weaver attempted to communicate, thus making of rhetorical analysis of our habitual modern practice a way of forcing Confusion to look in the mirror. He paid, as I said before, close attention to the how as much as to the what of our customary expression. And he taught us well, proving the title here assigned to his efforts to be doubly true. It is a sermon needed a little more every day. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOD'S ENGLISHMAN: *Oliver Cromwell and the English Revolution, by Christopher Hill (Dial Press, 324 pp., $7.95).* Professor Hill, a twentieth-century English Marxist, but a seventeenth-century Roundhead, has given us a much-acclaimed scholarly biography of the country squire who, after playing the role of pious regicide, ended his days as the uncrowned King of England —even to the point of designating his insipid son, Richard, heir apparent. Understandably, the learned professor is far more taken with the "idealist" Cromwell who, after a short, undistinguished Parliamentary career, took the field against the King, and transformed a rabble of "decay'd tapsters" into a crack corps of fanatics. In retrospect, it is perhaps *too* easy to find the hypocrite in Cromwell. Judged by most standards, his actions were inconsistent, ugly and ruthless. But he was enough of a fanatic

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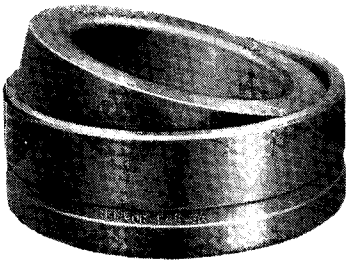

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to maintain an ironclad self-righteousness through it all. He was sincere in the worst sort of way; the kind of man who could perform prodigies or abominations without batting an eyelash. After all, God was on his side, wasn't he? Many of the true believers who followed "Old Noll" at the outset ended in exile, chains or compromise. The crony with the greatest staying power, lumpish but cunning General Monk, handed over England to Charles II in 1660, bringing back most of the things Cromwell thought he had destroyed in the name of a wrathful Jehovah. The common people cheered and cheered. Curiously, Mr. Hill seems to pardon the Lord Protector on the grounds that the English people proved unworthy of the Utopian Eden he might have led them to. That it had to be done by point of sword, against the will of the passive majority—and ended up a military dictatorship—might cause the less fervid a few doubts. A. BAKSHIAN JR.

INVOLUNTARY JOURNEY TO SIBERIA, *by Andrei Amalrik (Harcourt, 197 pp., $6.95).* This is the account of a contemporary Soviet writer who was sentenced to serve time in the steppes in the mid-Sixties for "parasitism." "Parasitism" is a kind of catch-all law whereby petty crooks, goof-offs, recalcitrant intellectuals and individualists who do their own thing rather than the Establishment's are bounced to the Siberian boondocks. Amalrik's particular offense was in championing Russian modern art and hobnobbing with foreigners. The book is basically a biographical account of Amalrik's arrest, conviction and life in Siberia. Amalrik was not sentenced to a concentration camp of the body, but one of the mind. He served his time in dreary, squalid villages where chronic hunger and cold were the orders of the day. In its way, the account is even more horrifying than the overt brutality of Stalin's era. Apologists for Communism have usually tried to defend the butchery of Stalin by referring to it as an aberration, or at best a temporary expedient. But in these syrupy days of coexistence, with ballets, academicians and cultural exchange missions being ping-ponged across the Iron Curtain, it's good to be reminded that the conditions transcribed in *Involuntary Journey to Siberia* are not perversions of the Marxist-Leninist theory; they are natural, normal consequences of it, both juridically and culturally. J. D. KIRWAN

BEYOND THE NEW LEFT: A CONFRONTATION AND CRITIQUE, *edited by Irving Howe (McCall, 249 pp., $6.95).* A group of frightened elder leftists and scared social democrats got together and under the direction of the eminent editor of the socialist *Dissent*, Irving Howe, came up with this anthological "confrontation and critique" of their revolutionary progeny. The writers do have some incisive and important things to say, and conservatives should pay attention. Henry Pachter's analysis of those "revision-

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ist historians" who make United States foreign policy the principal bugaboo of the Cold War is endearing; and Theodore Draper's reportage of the Black Panthers is, as succinctly as possible, right on. Most interesting, is Paul Goodman, whose chapter, "New Reformation," parallels contemporary America with another spiritual crisis —the days in Europe when Luther went to Rome. David Spitz soundly invokes John Stuart Mill, thereby leaving Marcuse thoroughly demolished, but gets lost trying to tie the senile San Diegoan to the American right-wing tradition. And that's an example of how the book misses the point. Howe and friends want to revitalize a Liberal-Labor-Left coalition, which conservatives can understand as a healthy reaction to the New Left. But then conservatives can just as easily perceive such "safe" New Leftists as Nicholas von Hoffman as constituting a healthy reaction to L-L-L.

K. E. GRUBBS JR.

RODMAN

(Continued from page 1211)

an example. Every year Bolivia lays out $30 million for U.S. food—half of this for wheat and flour, though we could grow our own and have the milling facilities. In order to keep the price of wheat high, you subsidize your wheat farmers. This expensive product is then shipped to Bolivia *already milled*. So there is no work for our millers, and our peasants don't grow wheat."

"Why do you make such an absurd deal, Marcelo? Why don't you grow your own wheat and grind it?"

"Why? Because our government makes a profit on the sale of your wheat."

"That's your fault, not ours," I said.

"I agree. I tried to reverse this policy when I was in the cabinet but the commercial interests were too strong." He agreed that the nationalized Bolivian tin mines are obsolete. "But 70 per cent of our foreign earnings are from the export of tin, and you can lower the price whenever it gets too high for you by selling from your 256,000-ton stockpile, accumulated at 40 cents a pound thanks to our World War II sacrifice in your behalf. . . . Your greatest help to us would be to keep this stockpile for what it was bought for—your strategic reserve in case of war."

Bailey agreed that tin was a drag on the Bolivian economy but he expressed the same resentment his friend had about that stockpile. "We supplied your Asian deficiencies during the War at ten times less than the tin's value—while buying your manufactured goods at higher and higher prices."

Would it have helped to point out that we provided the only possible outlet for Bolivian tin during World War II? Or that tin was ten times cheaper then than now through no design of ours? Or that we last sold tin from our stockpile in 1968 (ten tons all told) on a rising market? Probably not. The point is that this is the way even moderate leftists feel; and that until we do something for them that brings us no immediate advantage they'll go right on feeling that way.

I also spoke to another Young Turk, Antoni Sánchez de Losada, 38, who had just been elevated to the important post of Minister of Hacienda (Finance). Sánchez' answer to the question I'd asked Bailey and Quiroga was hardly distinguishable from theirs.

"Now that we've made a settlement with Gulf that you consider satisfactory," he said, "why don't you give us something we *really* need? A study—to begin with—of our steel potential? This is the key to our future. We could become the Sweden of Latin America for we alone have all the metals. But we must concentrate first on the specialty ones—tungsten, molybdenum, antimony, magnesium. We *could* supply the rest of South America with the products of our smelters. But first we must have the smelters. 'Colonies' don't have smelters. The U.S. has never regarded such a

(Continues on page 1229)

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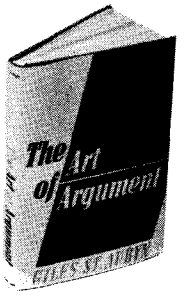

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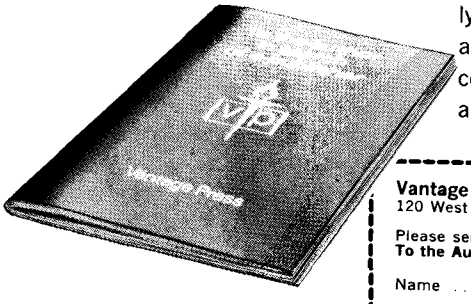

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SPECIAL NOTICE: for some years, NR's Bound Vol. XVII (1965) was unavailable; we have finally collected enough back issues to bind several dozen copies. The first 20 will be sold on a first come, first served basis, at the regular $25 price. Send check to Dept. Q, c/o National Review, 150 E. 35 St., NYC 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Senator] John [J.] Williams
re Welfare Bill

How can we . . . justify approving a bill which either initiates or perpetuates a proposal where a family of four in the city can get $7,615 for doing nothing and get $8,298 by working and making $720, and then tell the postal workers, "You should deliver the mail . . . for $7,000 or $8,000"?

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RODMAN

(Continued from page 1229)

course as good investment."

"You're looking for other countries to invest in Bolivia then?" I asked. "Such as—?"

"We're looking," he said dryly. "I'm a pragmatist all the way!"

"It's no secret," I said, "that you've just negotiated a $27-million loan from the USSR. Is that any different from the 'self-serving' loans you get from us?"

"No different," he said. "Though they will take low-grade tin and help us smelt it in partial payment, which is good for us. The rest has to be spent on Russian goods. You could do better for us, no?"

None of these young men are Communists. Nor are they anti-American—though one could take exception to some of their complaints against us and say that they resemble the deep-seated prejudices of the Marxists. Many of their specifics, like Quiroga's regarding wheat, make sense. If we don't listen, make friends, and go out of our way to cooperate with young men like these, Bolivia will be taken over next time around by a Salvador Allende—or worse.

IN THE BUSY SIX WEEKS SINCE THIS REPORT was written many things have happened in Bolivia, but nothing to alter the urgent message that Messrs. Bailey, Quiroga and Sánchez de Losada were conveying to me. On October 6 President Ovando, under pressure from a clique of right-wing officers, resigned. This junta held power less than a day, giving way October 7 to a group of leftist-oriented officers headed by General Juan José Torres. Torres was the general who had backed Marcelo Quiroga in the expropriation of Gulf last October; but he was also the general who planned the operation that wiped out Che Guevara's guerrilla band in 1967.

President Torres' new cabinet does not include Quiroga or Bailey, but he retained Sánchez de Losada in the important post of Finance Minister. Whether the Gulf compensation agreement worked out by Sánchez de Losada will be honored by Torres is unclear. But the free hand given leftist students in their assaults on the American Embassy and USIA buildings elsewhere in Bolivia indicates that President Torres is either unable or unwilling to curb the Marxist extremists and that it may be too late for a shift in American policy along the lines advocated by the moderate leftist leaders I interviewed. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Newsplay in London

London, Oct. 18—Today's newspapers endeavor to give all the news. The *Daily Mirror*'s American reporter advises that before being admitted to do a story on a sexual resort in Southern California, he was asked to prove his "sincerity" by, er, consorting with the wife of the owner-director, which he said he did, "twice." The *Daily Telegraph* confirms that every Englishman will do his duty, twice if necessary, no matter what the pursuit. "By command of the Queen, the Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (Lord in Waiting) was present at Heathrow Airport, London this morning upon the departure of the President of Zambia and bade farewell to His Excellency on behalf of Her Majesty. By command of the Queen, the Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (Lord in Waiting) was present at Heathrow Airport, London this evening upon the arrival of the President of Pakistan and welcomed His Excellency on behalf of Her Majesty."

That's a lot of Heathrow in one day for poor Lord Hamilton, but it was certainly worth it to get the President of Zambia out of the country. The President of Zambia—one Kenneth Kaunda—had come to town to instruct the Prime Minister, Mr. Heath, on South African policies. They had had dinner at Number 10 Downing Street, and that dinner is the talk of the town. There are several published versions of what went on, my favorite naturally being the most garish. I have had a special place in my heart for Mr. Kaunda ever since learning, a year ago, that I am not allowed to step foot in his country, my offense having been to publish—as a matter of fact, to republish—in this space, the remarks of Dean Acheson denouncing America's boycott of Rhodesia. I have never been persona non grata'd before, at least not by entire countries, and since on the whole it is a lot more fun to be forbidden from going to Zambia than to go there, I think I'd have egged Mr. Kaunda on if I had been hiding behind the curtains at Number 10.

It is everywhere agreed that the dispute was over the projected sale of arms to South Africa, Kaunda's point being that to do so would outrage black Africa, and cause the dissolution there of the Commonwealth. Heath's point being that he has not been elected Her Majesty's First Minister in order to take orders, on matters affecting English security, from nattering nabobs of negativism. One story goes on to say that Mr. Heath turned to Kaunda and said, look, buddy, do we bring up the fact that *your* country is trading every day with South Africa? And via Rhodesia at that? Eh? Mr. Kaunda at that moment called for his retinue and his limousine, and went back to the hotel, and was next seen by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (Lord in Waiting) at Heathrow. Mr. Heath, meanwhile, has got himself a lot of sympathy. He points out that the arms he proposes to sell to South Africa are only useful against enemy sea power, and would not likely be used for the purpose of anti-black repression unless the navies of Zambia, Tanzania and Kenya develop into a major flotilla of aircraft carriers and battleships, for the sake of an amphibious landing on South Africa. The purpose of the armament is to guarantee the freedom of sea lanes, which the Soviet Union is increasingly dominating.

THAT DINNER PARTY shares the front pages with the news from Canada. When Mr. Trudeau gave himself the War Emergency Powers, I was under the impression that the British press would attack him quite unanimously, inasmuch as the assumption is that war emergency powers are for use in war emergencies.

To begin with, consider what Trudeau actually said: "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns." He said that without once quoting Baudelaire, and Mr. Agnew could not, in fact, have said it better. "All I can say," Mr. Trudeau went on, "is go on and bleed." Here Mr. Trudeau sounded like the late Westbrook Pegler. And yet more: "But it is more important to keep law and order in the society than to be worried about weak-kneed people . . ."

Enough. But Pierre Trudeau using the rhetoric of Lester Maddox has not frightened the English, who ask their brother Canadians to do to the separatist organization what they would never permit the Americans to do, say, to the Black Panthers. "Much will depend" says the *Times*, "on the speed with which the police can now seize the terrorists and smash their organization"— *smash* their organization. Not that it should have surprised anyone. The Canadian government spent the late Forties vigorously prosecuting a Communist spy ring, suspending the rights of everyone in sight; and most of the Fifties, criticizing the horrors of McCarthyism. The English don't fool around. *Salus publica lex est.*

But historical perspective is not lost. A correspondent, who may just be one of those Englishmen who have not paid their annual television licensing fees, writes to the *Times*, "Sir: Extract from an advertisement placed in the *Evening News* by the Ministry of Post and Telecommunications:

" 'Our vans can not only tell if you are watching TV, but what you're watching and in which room you're watching it,' and there are still fourteen years to go!"

Fourteen years until (you don't need to specify these things in England)—1984. □

UNDERSTANDING POWELL *London*, Oct. 21 — Close your eyes and ask yourself about whom would it be appropriate to say: "He is guilty of the most abject disloyalty. . . . He has finally sealed his own doom as a serious politician. No one will listen to him again on any subject of national importance. Racialism and McCarthyism have been rolled into one lurid conspiracy theory." That was the pronouncement—by the *Guardian* of London—on Enoch Powell. In punishment for the same speech that evoked that blast, Mr. Anthony Lewis dispatched a column to the *New York Times* under the heading, "The Smell of the Beer Hall." Mr. Lewis cited, from the controversial speech of Enoch Powell, his references to the enemy's being "invisible," to the danger's being "from within," to the use, by the enemy, of techniques which are "devilishly simple, yet devilishly subtle."

Enoch Powell is not widely known in America, except to the few who remember that it was he who, two years ago in a speech heard round the world,

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suggested that England should not only end its policy of admitting immigrants from the Commonwealth, but should undertake ingenious schemes for inducing its resident immigrants to leave the country. What he meant, in practical terms, was of course colored immigrants, there being no white immigrants (net) coming into the United Kingdom these days. His explanation of his proposals was if not convincing, at least plausible. What he said was this: It is the job of the politician not to seek to alter human nature, but to guide public affairs in such a way as to deflect human nature from collision courses with reality. What I predict (said Mr. Powell) is that at the current rate of immigration, England will at the turn of the century become 15 per cent black. And that will cause racial strife, unemployment and cultural atomization.

After his famous speech, Mr. Powell was dropped from the shadow cabinet by Mr. Ted Heath, who is now the Prime Minister. It was widely hoped that Mr. Powell would lose his own seat in the General Election, but far from it. It was during that campaign that he made the speech that caused the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New York Times* permanently to proscribe him. I asked Powell what "invisible enemies" he was referring to, and what were the "devilishly simple, yet devilishly subtle techniques" by which the enemies of Great Britain thought to bring down the country. I expected something rather concrete, and was both disappointed and reassured to find that Mr. Powell was referring to nothing more than the kind of thing we in America hear all the time. The enemies, and the techniques, are a) those who hate English (read American) society; and b) those who use English freedoms (read American freedoms) to increase their leverage against their country. If I understand him right, Mr. Powell is not saying anything more about his own country than, say, Senator Teddy Kennedy said about the United States in his rather unexpected speech last September. The question—the interesting question—is why should Powell be treated as feverishly as he is being treated? Is it his rhetorical invidiousness? (A detractor says that he refers to white children as "babies," to black children as "pickaninnies.") Is it his obvious appeal (like George Wallace's) to the racist? Is it the implicit threat in his program physically to expel colored immigrants? Is it his (some say) zestful anticipation of a program of forced expatriation?

The problem is vexing to English conservatives who have greatly admired Enoch Powell. He particularly confounds his critics because he does not have the background of the demagogue (although in England the learned demagogue is not an unknown phenomenon, witness Sir Oswald Mosley).

One listens to him, and wonders: Are there vibrations there, uniquely audible to finely tuned British ears, that suggest —danger? For myself, I am undecided. Or put more fairly, having observed him only twice I have not sensed that danger that others sense. Would I say as much if I were a black immigrant living in England? Certainly not, inasmuch as it is obvious that inducements to emigrate are, at the margin, indistinguishable from pressures to emigrate. He continues, on the whole, as an enigma, and the great social and philosophical debate over the question whether it is always virtuous to tell the truth, may one day rage over his head. □

ON RETURNING TO AMERICA

New York, Oct. 28—I travel with a great deal of gear, but don't go away, because herein lies a tale. Most of the gear is checked, of course, but you cannot check your typewriter (if you do, it breaks), or the two-and-one-half briefcases filled with the work you need to tackle on flight. And then your wife, if your wife is like my wife, and in most respects I most sincerely hope that you are so blessed, has her bagful of general accessories, plus also her hatbox (who knows, she might be presented, en route, to a prime minister of an Emerging Nation. Would you want her to go bareheaded?).

Anyway, we checked in at London at BOAC, only to be informed by the lady at the counter that we would be limited to one piece of handluggage each. I advised her that that was altogether impractical, even while recognizing from a certain primness in her accent, that restrictive legislation was the kind of thing she took pleasure in administering—like the clerks and schoolmistresses who delight in advising you that you are guilty of transgressing a sleepy regulation.

Well, I said to the lady, why don't we call the passenger agent and see if we can work out this difficulty? So far she was willing to go, and in due course a splendid Englishman materialized, with a great deal of gold filigree on the sleeves of his jacket, who informed me that thus were the antihijacking regulations of British Security—one handbag per passenger. I said, but look, why don't you proceed to inspect our handluggage, take out the bombs, and let us go ahead and board? He replied that if every passenger arrived with as much handluggage as my wife and I had arrived with, the time necessary to check said luggage would be inordinate. I replied that in fact here we were, checking in not only one hour and one-quarter ahead of flight time, as we had been requestd to do, but fifteen minutes ahead of that, surely allowing plenty of time to examine our revolutionary paraphernalia, particularly for an airline that boasts of its service? Such, said the admiral, are the regulations of British Security. Well, I said, if British Security says only one handbag per passenger, how come TWA permits as many as you can carry? The admiral sniffed his contempt at American permissiveness, ducking the question why British Security should protect only BOAC; admitting, very simply, that I was caught in the mortal coils of bureaucracy (BOAC is owned by the Queen). Well, said I, I guess the free market has the only answer to the impasse: and my wife and I crossed the hall and booked out on TWA, leaving at the same hour, arriving in New York at the same time, with *all* our handluggage, leaving a couple of empty seats at BOAC, mute testimony to the bureaucratic fidelity of the admiral and his ladies, who are incapable of coping with more than one handbag per passenger.

How does TWA manage? Sloppily? Indifferent to potential hijackers? Hardly. Struggling with our clutter, my wife and I came to the security assembly line, where our bags were carefully examined, one by one, without any consternation at all over the fact of our six pieces. TWA is less easily discomposed than BOAC by passengers' peculiarities. Does this suggest carelessness? Not at all. We were, each of us, required to walk through a metal-spotting device, and, however innocent, I must confess to being a most spectacular mechanical failure. I was led back through the X-Ray arcade *four* times, having successively surrendered, in search of the culprit, a) a hotel key, b) my wristwatch, c) a ballpoint pen, and finally d)—triumphantly, because now the alarm did not go off—a miniature pack of panatella cigars, enclosed in an alarm-ringing aluminum case.

I muse, as I peck away, on my engagement last night at Cambridge University, where the eminent Professor John Kenneth Galbraith and I debated publicly the question, "Resolved, the marketplace is a snare and a delusion." I thought of that, when I considered how satisfying the market just now proved to be, permitting me my modest protest against bureaucracy, by traversing the short distance between the check-in counter of BOAC and TWA. How reassuring, in one's own little way, to be able to take advantage of the choices that competition makes available to us. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Having two faces — 148 191 16 82 188 135 154 116 105

B. "I may wander from east to _____" (Imogen in *Cymbeline*) — 3 193 121 42 162 68 65 108

C. What the answer to this puzzle forms (a snowball sentence) — 197 56 122 92 83 167 137 190 18

D. The astronauts noted the absence of this on the moon — 55 155 206 70 173 133 93 145 35 28 40

E. Where America is (this can be good or bad!) — 179 203 59 22 110 163

F. What A RAG MAN is — 29 207 129 66 146 94 180

G. Expression that is written without any extensions above or below the line (*concessionaire, reconnaissance,* etc.) — 4 104 127 71 194 60 10 84 27 2

H. Lynch law that could not function among hippies — 88 208 24 7 174 168 47 143 97 61 6 120

I. An embrocation — 20 33 54 62 96 13 67 81

J. Elimination of the first letter of a word (as changing *narrow* to *arrow*) — 156 46 144 175 85 109 209 19 77

K. One who denies the beneficial properties of medicines — 107 151 73 53 130 1 210 101

L. Big league outfielder with four clubs during four separate stretches — 136 102 111 39 51 157 11 89 152 74 176

M. Heavyweight fighter of almost four decades ago — 100 169 177 123 36 115 138

N. Words formed from the initial letters or groups of letters in a set phrase (*loran = long - range navigation*) — 57 98 90 26 182 153 195 158

O. Burns told the Afton to flow thus — 41 79 58 72 50 21

P. To fit out — 15 31 181 87 196

Q. A province of Cuba — 23 48 183 198 164 63 112

R. Ate in small bits — 8 64 204 128 117 170 139

S. One of a people of ancient Italy; scramble to get an adjective describing a modern European people — 69 5 205 171 184 118 147 124

T. Definition of a palindrome (*Stressed was I ere I saw desserts*) — 17 132 185 159 91 113 44 149 103

U. Wrote in code — 30 37 49 199 160 95 140 86

V. Two kings of ancient Persia — 166 14 186 131 52 200 34 80 99 78

W. Pertaining to the tall blond race characteristic of northern Europe — 25 76 32 125 9 201 187 141

X. What a certain Midwestern college football team is called — 134 38 75 142 189 106

Y. To supplicate earnestly — 178 43 165 126 202 114

Z. The audience is asleep (or gone) by the time the speaker says this — 192 172 161 119 12 150 45

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally, from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary,* Second Edition.

See page 1228 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	1 K	■	2 G	3 B	■	4 G	5 S	6 H	■	7 H	8 R	9 W	10 G	■	11 L	12 Z
13 I	14 V	15 P	■	16 A	17 T	18 C	19 J	20 I	21 O	■	22 E	23 Q	24 H	25 W	26 N	27 G	28 D
■	29 F	30 U	31 P	32 W	33 I	34 V	35 D	36 M	■	37 U	38 X	39 L	40 D	41 O	42 B	43 Y	44 T
45 Z	■	46 J	47 H	48 Q	49 U	50 O	51 L	52 V	53 K	54 I	55 D	■	56 C	57 N	58 O	59 E	60 G
61 H	62 I	63 Q	64 R	65 B	66 F	■	67 I	68 B	69 S	70 D	71 G	72 O	73 K	74 L	75 X	76 W	77 J
78 V	■	79 O	80 V	81 I	82 A	83 C	84 G	85 J	86 U	87 P	88 H	89 L	90 N	91 T	■	92 C	93 D
94 F	95 U	96 I	97 H	98 N	99 V	100M	101K	102L	103T	104G	105A	■	106X	107K	108B	109J	110E
111L	112Q	113T	114Y	115M	116A	117R	118S	119Z	120H	■	121B	122C	123M	124S	125W	126Y	127G
128R	129F	130K	131V	132T	133D	134X	135A	136L	■	137C	138M	139R	140U	141W	142X	143H	144J
145D	146F	147S	148A	149T	150Z	151K	152L	153N	■	154A	155D	156J	157L	158N	159T	160U	161Z
162B	163E	164Q	165Y	166V	167C	168H	169M	170R	171S	■	172Z	173D	174H	175J	176L	177M	178Y
179E	180F	181P	182N	183Q	184S	185T	186V	187W	188A	189X	190C	■	191A	192Z	193B	194G	195N
196P	197C	198Q	199U	200V	201W	202Y	203E	204R	205S	206D	207F	208H	209J	210K	■	■	■

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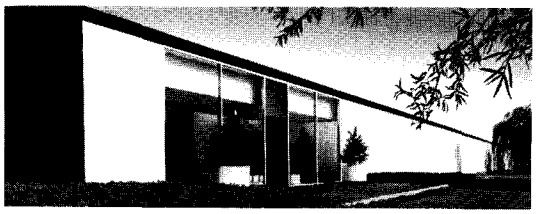

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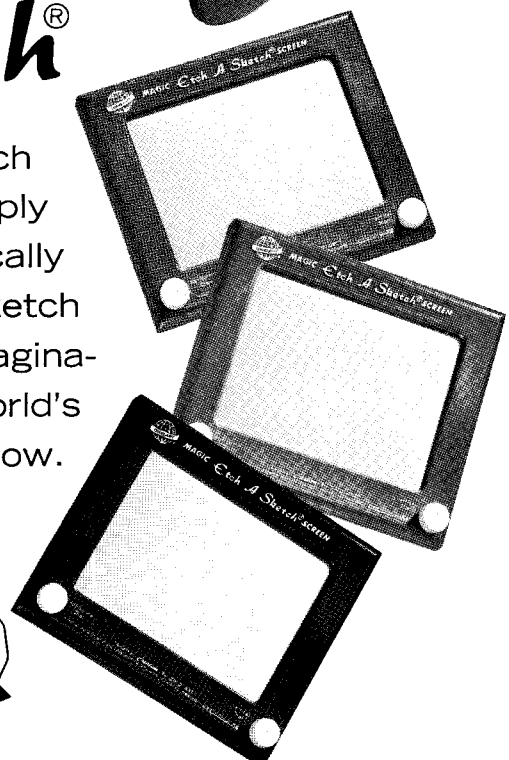

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